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Mr. Cowen's last
Concert at the
Antipodes.

BY AN EYE AND EAR WITNESS.

ADELAIDE, February 25.

ON Saturday, February 16, Cowen conducted his "Sleeping Beauty" in the Exhibition building. Much to C. J. S.'s and other people's surprise, all South Australia inclined to turn up ("roll up" is the colonialese). Between 4000 and 5000 put in an appearance, and the shilling folk "jumped" the half-crown people's "claims," and obstructed the dignified "reserved" persons. Of course all the preparing of the chorus had been done, and of course admirably done, by C. J. S. On the Saturday afternoon Cowen had rehearsed the whole thing, and one of the singers whom I know was, during a pause, addressed by one of the band (most of whom came with Cowen) thus: "How long have you been rehearsing this?" "Why do you ask?" "Because I expected he would have to pull you up every minute, and he hasn't had to correct you once." Proud answer, "Oh, only a month or two." "Nonsense!" Result, added confidence in C. J. S. Oh, what a treat it was to hear a proper orchestra! Out here we have no professional bandsmen. All have their bread to get in business, and art is only an extra. Of course many instruments are simply unknown here. After the cantata was finished, and duly, not immoderately applauded, came a little social function. C. J. S. marched Cowen up to the Governor, who made a longish speech, all dumb-show beyond a radius of a few yards. Polite reponse from Cowen, *dumber*, but more show. Address from Musical Association, happily short, enounced with metallic distinctness by its President, the Chief Justice. Other little speech from Cowen. Tumultuous applause meanwhile, in gusts, from wearied non-hearers. Business resumed. Harp solo from an English lad of sixteen, one of Cowen's people. Tremendous admiration and applause, and *encore*. Wonder inwardly what Mr. Cowen thinks of the discrimination of the musical public of Adelaide!

Then C. J. S. conducted his "Orpheus" Society while they sang, capitally, Mendelssohn's "Sons of Art," to an *ad lib.* accompaniment of the stamp of thousands of shillingers seeking untimely exit. More applause, and *sauve qui peut*. Parties for Cowen at Chief Justice's and Government House next day; quite a "high-topped" Sunday for our fashionables. Farewell to the musician they all delighted to honour, on Monday. Large party at station, smaller on steamer. *Good-bye!*

A. J.

C. J. S.—Charles James Stevens, Conductor of the Choral and Orchestral Societies, Adelaide, late of Birmingham, Eng.

Staccato.

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THE London correspondent of a New York paper has cabled the important news that at a recent reception in Paris, Gounod, the composer, lost a button from his dress. Furthermore, that the hostess picked it up and returned it to its owner, backed with gold and set in diamonds. It has since become the fashion for popular composers to wear their buttons attached by a single thread.

♦♦♦

"AH, Monsieur Auber," said a young admirer once to the veteran composer, "you have never married. May I ask if you ever regret that you have not done so?" "Well, no," returned Auber, "I don't think I do; for if I had, Madame Auber would now be most probably well on in the eighties."

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A GERMAN specialist asserts that Patti has two extra valves in her windpipe. She may be considered, therefore, a kind of bivalve, a genuine oyster Patti.

♦♦♦

A SHORT time ago we saw it stated in certain newspapers that there was an opera company performing in Melbourne, which consisted entirely of parrots, and had but one work, Bellini's "Norma," in its *repertoire*. We were solemnly assured that the birds went through their parts like human artists, but that the representative of the heroine became so alarmed at the frantic attempts of the audience to encore her in "Casta Diva," that she fled to the wings, and would not reappear till the manager had entreated the audience to abstain from ill-timed applause. We don't see much resemblance in this to the behaviour of human artists.

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ALL who have suffered from the vagaries of a too imaginative printer—and their name is legion—will sympathize with an American critic who writes: "The worm, when trodden on, will turn! So will the barrel hoop; so will the musical reviewer when he writes 'muses,' and the compositor sets it up as 'names.' But I am used to it. For many weeks I did battle with an ingenious printer, who always turned my allusions to the 'oboe' into mystical references to solos upon the 'shoe,' only varying it once by speaking of the 'nasal quality of the above.' Yet I do not write as illegibly as Horace Greeley did, whose quotation, 'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true,' was changed into 'Tis two, 'tis fifty, 'tis fifty, 'tis fifty-two.'

♦♦♦

At present of American critics, we herewith present our readers with two or three choice specimens of their literary style, which have recently appeared in some of the American musical

papers. One gentleman remarks that "Mrs Albani's" voice has grown to be very weak in the lower register, and that "the tooth of time has not failed to gnaw off some of the enamel it formerly possessed." Another describes the young pianist, Miss Fanny Broomfield, as "a brunette flash of lightning which always strikes." Lastly, we are told that Madame Alice Shaw, the *siffleuse*, has been "gathering labial laurels!" It is to be feared that it will be long before our English musical critics will be able to emulate this style of thing, at least with any hope of success.

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Jones (at the concert). "There, that is what I call an electrifying performance."

Smith. "H'm! well, yes; it certainly was shocking."

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DR. VON BÜLOW, with a view to ingratiating himself with the Americans, has announced that he proposes to study, and perhaps to play, baseball. It is unfortunate that the game is a particularly trying one to the temper.

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He. "I see, Lucinda, they are going to have a new music pagoda at Manhattan Beach. We must go down next week."

She. "I don't think I'd care to, Henry. I can't bear pagodas. If they were going to play waltzes, why, I wouldn't mind. Pagodas are so classical."

♦♦♦

AMONG the things not generally known is the fact that the condition of a growing plant in the same room as a piano is a very good test of the state of the instrument, as the atmosphere which suits the one is the best for the other. It is almost a mistake to think that a perfectly dry atmosphere is the best for a piano. A moderate amount of dampness in the air is by no means injurious, even to the most delicate instrument.

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THE city of Rochester, U.S., would not seem to be a very musical place. A certain well-known baritone, who happened to be passing through, went into a music shop and asked for a copy of "Les Rameaux" by Faure. "What's that?" said the shopman. "The Palm Branches," replied the singer, fearing his French had been too much for the man. "What kind of an instrument is that?"

But this is nothing compared to what occurred to a music teacher of the same city, who, on asking at the same music shop for Mendelssohn's Op. 25, was staggered by the question—"Who is the composer of that piece?"

♦♦♦

Flatleigh (who admires the pianist). "Miss Clavier is a musician to the tips of her fingers."

Sharpson (who doesn't). "Yes, but what a pity it is she leaves off just there!"



AN old collection of musical anecdotes gives an account of an organ at Aylsham, in Norfolk, in which the draw-stops were made to act in the reverse way, that is, they were to be pushed in when in use, and drawn out to be silenced. The account goes on to say that this arrangement greatly perplexed the then organist of Norwich Cathedral when he came to try the instrument under an engagement to play at the opening service, and intended to begin, after drawing out all the stops, with a loud full chord of D.

A RARE MUSICAL TREAT.—*Mrs. Bjones.*
"What does this paper mean by talking about the European concert? I can't find that anybody sang or played."

Mr. Bjones. "No, my dear ; it isn't that kind. It means that all the great Powers are acting in harmony."

A YOUNG lady went into a piano warehouse the other day, and inquired of the salesman if they had any nice piano pieces. He replied, with a dubious shake of the head, that he thought not, as they always sold their pianos whole.

THE perambulating minstrel, with whom we are too familiar, who plays simultaneously on the pan-pipes, the accordion, the drum, and a few other instruments, has been eclipsed by a wealthy Spaniard, by name D'Icernamo, who recently gave a concert in Florence. He had engaged several artists to assist him; but his behaviour was so extraordinary that they quitted the concert-room. Nothing daunted by their desertion, the Spaniard boldly proceeded to carry out the programme unaided. He played, he sang, he fiddled. Nor did his courage fail him here, for on coming to the duet from "Don Giovanni," he proceeded to sing it alone, executing the soprano part in falsetto! The effect is easier to be imagined than described.

OPERA AS SHE IS. — *New Prima Donna.* "Oh, mother, my fortune is made."

Proud Mother. "Has Mr. Libretto signed with you?"

"Yes, it's all fixed. He is to pay all my expenses for board and clothes, you know—every cent of them."

"But how much a night?"

"Oh, he don't pay me anything for singing. I'm new to the public yet, you know."

"But you said your fortune was made."

"So it is. I'm to have half what I get for recommending toilet soaps, face powders, and pianos."

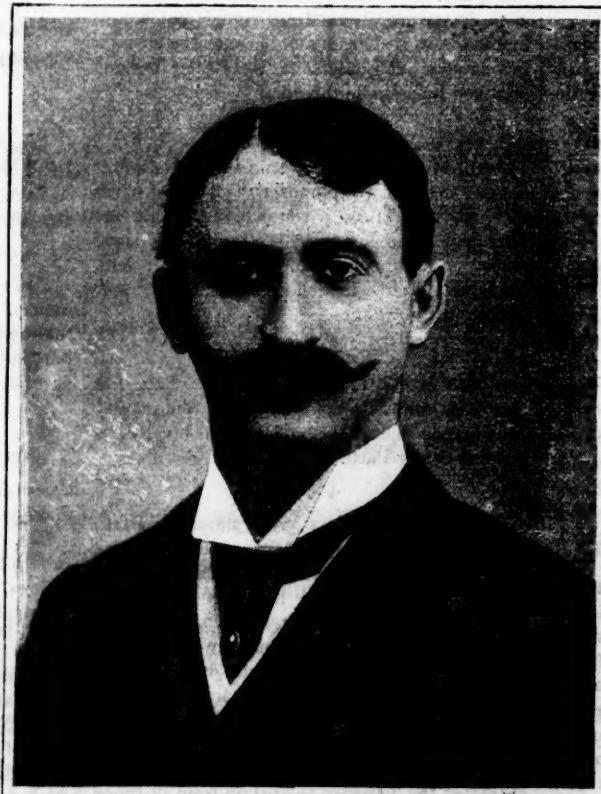
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THE inhabitants of the little village of Schweidnitz, in Germany, are blessed—or plagued—by such fine ears that the street organs cause them the most acute agony. Consequently they have issued an order to the effect that every organ-player must keep his instrument in perfect tune, under pain of a severe punishment. Furthermore, they have ordained that Sundays and Wednesdays shall be kept as "off-days," during which the sound of the organ may not be heard in their streets.

AMERICA is apparently inexhaustible in its resources for the production of musicians of all sorts. To that great country we owe prima donnas too numerous for mention—Mrs. Alice Shaw, the *siffluse*; the composer of the "Kangaroo Etude;" and the long list is now swelled by the addition of Mrs. Theresa Lynch, said to be the finest lady cornet-player in the world. This, however, is not of itself very great praise, seeing how bad lady cornetists generally are.

Three small decorative fleur-de-lis symbols arranged horizontally.

A PIANO-MAKER has invented a soft pedal which reduces the tone to a more indistinct pianissimo than was ever before known. This will do very well for summer hotels until a contrivance is found which shall put the tone out of hearing.



Šivadar Nachez.

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TIVADAR NACHÉZ, with whose portrait we present our readers—in an age of first-rate violinists—is certainly one of the most remarkable. He was born at Buda-Pesth in 1859, and is therefore thirty years old, and at the very acme of his technical skill and artistic form. He began the violin, as all violinists should begin, at five years old, and soon attracted the attention of a large musical circle. Like Sainton, he was destined for the law; but, like Sainton, his instincts were too strong, and after studying with Sabathiel, and achieving some concert-room triumphs at Buda-Pesth, he attracted the attention of Richter, who later was anxious to secure his co-operation at the Bayreuth Festival, which gave him the opportunity of knowing Liszt, Volkmann, and the other leading spirits of the new movement. He studied three years under Joachim at Berlin, and

returned to Pesth to give his first great concert, which led to his going to Paris, where he lived for several years, devoting himself to that rigorous discipline and laborious practice which has placed him in the first rank of executants. His *spécialité* in octaves and harmonics is probably unapproached, and he runs Sarasate very hard in charm and finish, whilst his volume of tone and breadth of style is superior to that of the popular Spanish virtuoso. He has during the last few years traversed Germany, Holland, Switzerland, France, Scandinavia, and England, and is every year rising in public estimation as a rival to Sarasate and Wolff, not to name a host of other capital violinists who are now competing, not always with success, for public favour. M. Tivadar Nachéz is a genuine enthusiast, and he has more than once played at Mr. Haweis's Special Sunday Night Services for the People, with the most impressive and solemn effect. He has numerous engagements in and out of London during the present season.

Nikita's Operatic Début.

NIKITA has made her operatic *début*, and the verdict of Moscow is that in two years she will be the greatest lyric artist of the world. From her very first appearance in the concert-hall it was observed that Nikita possessed dramatic talent of the highest order. She is a born actress, and when she stepped forward on the boards of the Opera House as Zerlina, the Moscow public noticed with delight that she was as calm and collected as if she had been on the stage for ten years. Her graceful action united with the charm of her voice to captivate all hearts, and "La ci darem" was tumultuously encored. The audience grew more and more enthusiastic as the opera progressed, and "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino," were redemanded, and at the close Zerlina was summoned before the curtain again and again. Five-and-twenty times the smiling girl retired bowing behind the curtain; five-and-twenty times those lusty Muscovite throats shouted for her return. Flowers showered down upon her from every part of the house—lyres, horseshoes, wreaths, bouquets, and baskets. And what wonder? Nikita is a very Queen of Song, and this was her coronation.

If Nikita's old maestro had only lived to witness this triumph! "It seems to me like a dream," he wrote in July 1887 from London, thinking of Patti and the manner in which she was launched on the brilliant artistic career to which she was destined. It is a dream no longer! The chain of coincidences linking the names of Patti and Nikita is now completed. Nikita has had an operatic *début* which recalls all the promise of the outset of Adelina Patti's career. With no other artist can Nikita be compared. Yet a few years, and the great diva will resign her well-earned laurels, to plant them on Nikita's brow.

Dr. Joachim's Artistic Jubilee.

Your soul was lifted by the wings to-day,
Hearing the master of the violin :
You praised him, praised the great Sebastian too,
Who made that fine Chaconne; but did you think
Of old Antonio Stradivari? him,
Who a good century and half ago
Put his true work in that brown instrument,
And, by the nice adjustment of its frame,
Gave it responsive life, continuous
With the master's finger-tips, and perfected
Like them by delicate rectitude of use.
Not Bach alone, helped by fine precedent
Of genius gone before; nor Joachim,
Who holds the strain afresh incorporate
By inward hearing and notation strict
Of nerve and muscle, made our joy to-day :
Another soul was living in the air,
And swaying it to true deliverance
Of high invention and responsive skill :—
That plain, white-aproned man who stood at work,
Patient and accurate full fourscore years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance;
And since keen sense is love of perfectness,
Made perfect violins, the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WE give this month a new portrait of the great violinist whom English music-lovers delight to honour. Two years ago the last of the Monday Pops. was distinguished by a presentation to their director and caterer, Mr. Arthur Chappell. This year one of the world's truest musicians was presented by many friends and admirers with a noble Stradivarius. These were only the representatives of the givers—too numerous to be present. We almost expected to hear George Eliot's words quoted at the meeting held after the last Popular Concert on the 15th ult. ("The great Sebastian's" "fine Chaconne" was played by Dr. Joachim on the previous Monday, being one of the compositions he has made peculiarly his own.) About an hour before midnight the committee and subscribers met, and on the stage, usually occupied by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, sat Sir Frederick Leighton, chairman; Dr. Joachim, Miss Zimmermann, Mr. Alma Tadema, Dr. Mackenzie, Dr. H. Parry, Herr Ries, Herr Strauss, Signor Piatti, Mr. Chappell, and others. The subscribers were headed by the Duke of Edinburgh; but it is pleasant for Dr. Joachim to know that, with the exception of one or two large sums, the money has been subscribed in small amounts by people from all parts of the kingdom.

Sir Frederick Leighton made a short and felicitous speech before presenting the violin. He is always one of the most regular listeners at the Pops., and it must have been a pleasure to him to express his personal appreciation of the great artist, whom, as a musician, he placed "in the forefront of living composers," and, as an artist, one who had "interpreted the noblest works in the noblest manner," and "who had never paltered with the dignity of his art." He spoke also of the well-known modesty of the man who had "risen far above the fickle atmosphere of praise or blame." The chairman then handed over the Stradivarius violin to Dr. Joachim, who was evidently much moved not only by the noble gift, but the manner of its giving. His reply showed his deep consciousness of the warm regard as well as admiration in which he has been held by us ever since he was introduced to the English public by

Mendelssohn when a boy of thirteen. "You could not," said he, "have chosen a better form in which to express your sympathy with me than a 'Strad,' and one of a red colour. I am the happy possessor of two other 'Strads,' one of yellow, and one of brown; but I have always longed for a red one, like the violoncello in the possession of Piatti." He took the opportunity to refer gracefully to Messrs. Ries and Strauss, as well as Piatti, and also to Mr. Arthur Chappell, through whose loyalty and artistic feeling he had been able to introduce so many interesting works by Schumann, Brahms, Dvorák, and other masters. He spoke of his old friends Sterndale Bennett, George Macfarren, Davison, and Chorley, and expressed the hope that his son, also a violinist, would retain the "Strad." as an heirloom. The instrument is in the best state of preservation, its date being that of the third and best period of Antonio Stradivarius. On the case is a small brass plate which has been engraved with the following words:—"To Joseph Joachim. In commemoration of the 50th anniversary of his first public appearance, and as a mark of high admiration and esteem from his English friends, 15th April 1889." It was accompanied by a bow by Francis Tourte, "the Stradivarius of the bow." The violin was enclosed in a beautifully-embroidered case, in which the name of Joseph Joachim and the dates 1839-1889 are surrounded by flowers, and on the other side the lines:—

From beneath his hands a crash
Of mighty sounds rush up, whose music shakes
The soul with sweetness.

The violin cost £120. May we hear it under Joachim's fingers next year!

Musical Life in London.

THE Popular Concerts have concluded their thirty-first season with undiminished success and popularity. The Griegs departed, but the attendance did not fall short. As the season nears its close, the unreserved seats are always more and more closely packed, till at last the stairs and vestibules are thronged long before the doors are opened—an indubitable sign of healthy interest in good music.

One of the best concerts of the season was that of Saturday, March 23, which opened with Mendelssohn's delightful Quintet in A major. The four beautiful movements—Allegro con moto, Andante, Scherzo, and Allegro vivace—were listened to with the appreciative interest which the music and its rendering deserved.

Then Mr. Santley gave with real fervour an impassioned song by Piatti, "The Lover's Appeal," accompanied by the composer on the 'cello and Mr. Sidney Naylor on the pianoforte.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann played the well-known musical sketches by Sterndale Bennett—("The Lake, the Millstream, and the Fountain")—in her own most satisfactory style; and accompanied Joachim in Schumann's "Gartenlied, am Springbrunnen," and, in response to an irresistible encore, gave Spohr's Barcarolle in F, which Joachim has made such a favourite. Santley again sang Schumann's two most characteristic and strongly contrasted songs, "Du bist wie eine Blume," and "Ich grölle nicht;" the latter was repeated at the unmistakeable desire of the audience, who knew

that they would not be able to hear their favourite singer again till his return from Australia.

The closing work was Beethoven's noble Sonata in C minor, Op. 30, for pianoforte and violin, Mme. Zimmermann and Joachim being the players. The first movement always suggests to us a series of plaintive appeals addressed to some formidable autocrat, who drowns the entreating voice in his stormy rejoinders. The beauty of the adagio is unrivalled, and the freakish scherzo and powerful finale are of surpassing interest. The sonata has been well characterized as a "prodigiously fine work."

The "Kreutzer" Sonata has been twice performed within the last few weeks; the pianists being Miss Fanny Davies and Mlle. Janotta. Miss Fanny Davies grows rapidly in popularity; her execution has wonderful spirit as well as feeling, and she manifestly enjoys her vocation, her eager enthusiasm communicating itself to her audience, especially when she plays with Joachim.

The last Grieg concert was on Saturday, March 30. It is rather to be regretted that Mr. Grieg nearly always plays his own compositions, as he is so particularly well qualified for an exponent of Chopin. The Norwegian couple have, however, given a fresh interest to Grieg's music, and will certainly carry home a pleasant consciousness of success and warm appreciation.

Madame Neruda and Joachim again gave Bach's Concerto in D minor, accompanied by Miss Fanny Davies; this was the gem in the concert of the 1st ult. On Saturday, 6th ult., the special features of attraction were Brahms' Pianoforte Trio in C minor, admirably played by Miss Fanny Davies, Joachim, and Piatti; and the very beautiful Romance, from Joachim's own Hungarian Concerto. Also a well-known Scherzo and Trio by Spohr. Miss Davies played as solos two of Mendelssohn's Lieder, and the frolicsome Caprice in E minor, which was encored, and played the second time with even more brilliant rapidity than the first.

On the 8th ult. Bach's marvellous Chaconne was wonderfully played by Joachim, who also led in Beethoven's Quartet in B flat ("posthumous") and Mozart's Pianoforte Trio in B major. Madame Frickenhaus played the "Appassionata," and was honoured by a triple recall. The last two concerts were, of course, great occasions. Saturday, 13th ult., was a Beethoven night, and all the seats were sold out long before the concert began. The "Kreutzer" Sonata, and the Quintet in C, Op. 29, were heard to perfection, Mlle. Janotta being the pianist. She also played the "Moonlight" Sonata, and Joachim the Romance in F. On Monday, 15th ult., there was a galaxy of stars, Joachim being of first magnitude. Joachim, Ries, Strauss, and Piatti; Joachim and Miss Zimmermann; Joachim and Mlle. Janotta; Joachim alone; Miss Fanny Davies alone; and Piatti, with his favourite Largo and Allegro by Veracini. Miss Lehmann also sang four songs, delightfully as usual, two by Schubert, an old English ditty, and "If thou wilt be the falling dew," her own pretty and dainty song. So ended the forty-first concert of the thirty-first season.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Herr Stavenhagen and Mr. E. Prout drew a large audience on Saturday, March 23. The former illustrated his master, Liszt, with immense executive power, and the latter furnished a novelty in his overture to "Rokeby." Dr. Joachim was the great attraction on Saturday, March 30, when he played his own Hungarian Concerto, a work of immense difficulty, but rich

in beauty. The Romance is a real violin song, in which the horns bear a prominent part, and the work for the solo violin is most elaborate. The whole composition shows the great player to be almost equally great as a composer. A scene of his composition for "Marfa" from Schiller's "Demetrius," for contralto and orchestra, was powerfully given by Miss Lena Little. The Overture was Mendelssohn's lovely "Hebrides." "It is difficult," says the programme analyst, "to imagine that this enchanting composition could ever be mistaken for anything but a sea-piece. Those gusts which rise and fall, and sweep and whistle through the rocks; those descending notes which seem to plumb the depths of ocean's deepest caves; and other effects, which in the hands of an inferior musician would sound like imitations but which are here as native to the picture as the winds and waves are to Staffa itself. All seem naturally to be of the sea and the sea only."

The Symphony was Schumann's No. 4 in D minor. The other works given were some of Bach's solos for violin, played in masterly style by Joachim, and Beethoven's grand "Leonora" Overture, No. 3 in C. Berlioz' "Faust" was given at the concert of the 6th ult., the soloists being Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Wilton, and Mr. Brereton. The next was the last of the season; and though Mr. Manns's benefit had still to come, he received and accepted a special recall and ovation at the close of the concert. It commenced with the Dead March in "Saul," on account of the funeral of the late Duchess of Cambridge, a great music-lover. Mendelssohn's most graceful "Naiades" Overture followed; a lovely Andante from Mr. Wingham's Serenade in E flat, and a new Pianoforte Concerto by Mr. J. C. Ames were given, M. Oscar Beringer being the pianist. But the principal work was Schubert's noble Symphony in C. The Crystal Palace Concert Room has been called the English home of Schubert, and Mr. Manns has done more than any other conductor to make it popular. The Symphony in C was first performed in England at the Palace under his direction in 1857. Miss MacIntyre sang three songs, in Italian by Boito, in French by Gounod, and in English by Sullivan—all excellent in themselves, and admirably sung. Her shake is exceptionally good.

OTHER CONCERTS.

Miss Ethel and Master Harold Bauer gave a "Musical Afternoon" at Princes Hall on March 26, assisted by Miss M. Hall and Mr. Frantzen. These talented young players make no attempt to gain public favour by anything but solid music. There is no self-display, no insistence upon their youth, no ingratiating demeanour; their simple aim is the production of music, and the right interpretation of the composers whose works they perform. This is by no means common, but it is the characteristic of truly great artists, such as these young people worthily emulate. Mr. and Mrs. Bauer and the two interesting little sisters we described in a former magazine, were present—as also were various critics and musical notabilities, Mr. Manns among them. Miss Ethel played Brahms and Grieg with her brother, and Bach and Grieg as solos. Harold gave two solos by Vieuxtemps; one of them, on Gounod's "Faust," was remarkably well played, and brought out alternately his brilliancy and power of expression. His solos were accompanied by Mr. Frantzen, as also were Miss Hall's songs, two of which were modern, by Grieg and Brahms, and one by Gluck, who would have been puzzled by the vibrato now in fashion with some, happily not all, of our singers.

Miss Zimmermann's recital on the 4th ult. was even more than in former years a first-rate performance of the most interesting music. There is an absolute security of excellence in all that Miss Zimmermann undertakes, whatever school of musicians she illustrates, and this universal capacity is her special characteristic.

Mr. Stavenhagen's recitals have abundantly proved his prodigious qualifications as a virtuoso, and have also revealed the far higher attributes of a real musician. Beethoven, Haydn, Schumann, and Chopin, as well as Liszt and Paganini, were interpreted by him at St. James's Hall to large and appreciative audiences.

Mr. F. H. Cowen resumed his post as conductor of the Philharmonic, at the Society's second concert, March 28; and received a hearty welcome from an overflowing audience. Joachim's rendering of the solo passages in Professor V. Stanford's new suite for violin and orchestra was another brilliant feature of the evening. The music is extremely difficult both of execution and comprehension, though there are some manifest beauties, especially the "Ballade." Mr. Grieg conducted his Pianoforte Concerto, wherein the player was his countrywoman, Madame Backer-Gröndahl.

Benoit's new oratorio, "Lucifer," written by Mr. Niel, was given by the Royal Choral Society on the 3rd ult., under Mr. Barnby's direction. Three of the solo singers were Belgians,—Mr. Hensler, *tenore di grazia*; Mr. Blauwaert, baritone; and Mr. Fontaine, bass. The soprano was Madame Lemmens Sherrington, and the contralto Madame Patey. The choral singing was most praiseworthy, and the orchestra no less so; the music more strange than beautiful, as might be expected from the subject.

The "Redemption" has been given to an audience of nearly 5000 East End residents at the People's Palace, Mile End; and Bach's Passion Music has been performed on Fridays throughout Lent at St. Anne's, Soho.

M. S. W.

"Old Tom" of the Dargle and Canon Wilberforce.

TOM *loquitur*.—The Canon came through the Dargle and passed me while I was playing "Auld Lang Syne;" for I had taken a passionate delight in playing that tune since I read about it and "Home, Sweet Home," in the Magazine some time ago. I struck up "Sweet Home" as he was about to enter his carriage, and that brought him about. He walked up to me and addressed me thus:—

"Well, my man, how many glasses of whisky do you drink in the day?"

"Certainly you are a fine, handsome gentleman, and, unless I make a great mistake, your knowledge and foresight must be far-reaching; but you are wrong now, sir, for I am a teetotaller."

Here I produced a copy of the *Magazine of Music* in which a reference was made to me as a teetotaller, which pleased the Canon very well. He asked, "Have you one of these to spare?" "No, sir, but I'll take your order;" and out came my book and pencil as quick as lightning, and the Canon gave his address for a number of

the Magazine, which he received in due time. He said, "I came over to Ireland from the south of England to speak against drink."

"I glory in that, your reverence, but you must not force your views too strong down my throat. If a man wants a glass of whisky, or a tumbler of porter, or a pipe of tobacco, let him have it, and the largest degree of liberty that the Constitution can allow to every man that walks in the moral and civil law."

"Hear, hear!" from a gentleman in the carriage.

Here I struck up "Aileen Aroon," which pleased the Canon very much. "Those are very pleasing notes," said he.

"Yes, your reverence, that's what is called the inverted turn."

"The air is very good; I suppose that was the reason Handel said he'd rather have composed 'Aileen Aroon' than half of what he had written."

"I've been told, your reverence, that the composer of 'Aileen' was an Irish bard that fell in love with a lady, and got a hearty return. The bard was banished from his native, Erin for the crime of loving dear Aileen, but while he was in exile the brace of lovers had some hidden way of communication, and the bard discovered that the queen of his heart was going to be wed to another. Then the bard mustered up that strange courage known to lovers only, and returned in disguise to his native land, bringing the new and strange melody in the fertility of his brain. The day before the wedding the bards and minstrels came to Aileen's home, as was the Irish custom, and each musician was allowed the privilege of playing before the bride. At last came the opportunity for the bard whose heart was concentrated in Aileen, and in accents of thrilling sweetness did he tell her, through the magic tones of his harp (to the astonishment of the musicians, who did not understand the new piece), that, through joy or sorrow, wealth or poverty, the whole desire of his life would be to make his own dear Aileen happy. The song says, 'Love breaks through iron bars,' and that night Aileen broke through bars and doors and fled with the king of her heart till peace and goodwill got the better of anger and passion, and then Aileen and her bard got a happy reception from her loving father."

"Well, Tom, I'm delighted with you, and I should have made a great mistake if I had passed you without this interview. I'm also pleased with your comprehensive views. If I give you some cards, will you get people to sign them?"

"I'd be very glad to do anything in my power for your reverence, but I cannot undertake that, because I don't like to have anything to do with ecclesiastical business."

"Oh, very good," said the Canon. "What place is that over there?"

"That's Summerhill, and it deserves its name, and is not a bit handsomer than the family that live in it. If you were to meet the gentleman himself, as I do every morning, then he'd bid you Good-morning with such a sunny smile that you'd think it was the sunburst of Ireland striking you in the face!"

"Well, Tom, farewell, I must be going," and in a few moments the party were driving through the sequestered avenues of the Earl of Powerscourt's demesne.

The Canon expressed himself highly pleased with all he saw, from the beautiful scenery down to the Irish jaunting cars; and among all the friends and hearts the Canon won during his visit to Ireland, Old Tom's is not the last or least.

The Cathedrals of England.

NO. XII.—HEREFORD.



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

THE see of Hereford is, without doubt, one of very great antiquity, for although the date of its foundation is unknown to us, it is recorded that bishops of the early British Church were established there in the sixth century, prior to the advent of St. Augustine. It was not, however, until 673 that Hereford was created a permanent episcopal see by Archbishop Theodore, who divided the large diocese of Mercia into several bishoprics.

In these early days there was probably only a wooden church at Hereford. In 793, however, Ethelbert, king of East Anglia, who was murdered by Offa, king of Mercia, was buried in the cathedral, and so many miracles occurred at his shrine, that Milfrid, ruler of Mercia, was moved to build a new church of stone, which he endowed with royal munificence. Two centuries later, Bishop Æthelstan (1012-1056) rebuilt this church from the foundations, but the year before his death it was burnt by Griffin, the Welsh prince, and his soldiers, who also besieged and plundered the town.

A third cathedral was begun by the first Norman bishop, Robert de Losinga, in 1079, and dedicated in 1110, during the episcopate of his successor, Reinholm. In the course of the next four centuries, however, constant additions and alterations were made to the building, so that now nothing remains of Bishop Robert's cathedral but the piers of the nave, the choir (as high as the clerestory), and the south transept. The Lady Chapel was built about 1220, the north transept between 1282 and 1287, the east transept and central tower about the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Unfortunately, Hereford is one of those cathedrals which underwent a most disastrous "restoration" at the hands of the architect Wyatt. In 1786 the western tower fell, carrying with it the west front, whereupon Wyatt was invited to repair the damage. In the course of ten years he spent £20,000, and wrought much wholesale destruction. He rebuilt the west front according to his own ideas, shortened the nave by one bay, and replaced

the Norman triforium and clerestory by others, in imitation Early English style. Again, in this century, the building has twice undergone extensive repairs and restorations; first by Mr. Cottingham, and more recently by Sir G. Scott.

The cathedral is entered by the north porch, which is a very elaborate piece of Perpendicular work, built by Bishop Booth in 1530. The nave itself presents a curious mixture of the old and the new—the true and the false—with its massive Norman piers, its eighteenth century "Early English" triforium, and its wooden roof, vaulted in imitation of stone. The only monuments of interest in this part of the church are the alabaster effigy of Sir Richard Pembridge, one of the first Knights of the Garter,

who was present at Poictiers, and that of Bishop Booth, who died in 1535.

Beneath the central tower stands the superb ironwork choir-screen, which was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. This is generally acknowledged to be the finest piece of metal work produced in recent times. It consists of five main arches, each subdivided into two smaller ones, and these are ornamented by the most elaborate tracery of flowers and foliage. Above the entrance is a figure of the Saviour, on each side of which are adoring angels. Although iron is the principal material used in the construction of the screen, copper, brass, and coloured mosaics have also been largely introduced, while the hammered ironwork of the foliage is painted throughout.

Owing partly to the heavy Norman masonry, and partly to the arrangement of the transepts, it is but a very "dim religious light" which finds its way into the choir. The stalls, fifty in number, are of good Decorated work, and have been carefully cleaned and restored of late years.

The altar-screen is modern, and was designed by Mr. Cottingham in 1850. It is an elaborate piece of work of Bath stone and marble, in five canopied compartments. At the back of the reredos, a broad spandrel between two arches is also covered with modern sculpture, designed by the same hand.

In the north transept stood formerly the shrine of St. Thomas Cantilupe (1275-1282), who was the last Englishman canonized before the Reformation. The shrine became a favourite place of pilgrimage, and in consequence was, for many years, a source of great wealth to the cathedral. The pedestal upon which the shrine rested still stands in the north transept. From the north choir-aisle opens Bishop Stanbury's chantry (1453-1474), an interesting example of late Perpendicular work, with a finely groined roof, and walls covered with shields and tracery.

The beautiful Early English Lady Chapel is approached by a flight of five steps, rendered necessary by the crypt below. About fifty years ago the chapel was found to be in so ruinous a condition that the east end and the roof had to be rebuilt, the floor repaved, and the windows filled with modern glass. For three centuries the Lady Chapel served as the cathedral library, but in 1862 it was fitted up as a parish church for the inhabitants of St. John Baptist



THE CLOISTERS.

Parish, who had hitherto held their services in the nave or the north transept. In a bay on the south side of the chapel is the fine Perpendicular chantry, built by Bishop Audley (1492-1502). The bishop was afterwards translated to Salisbury, where he built himself a second chantry, in which he was buried. The Hereford chantry consists of two stories, the lower being intended for the altar where masses should be celebrated for the bishop after his death, the upper as an oratory where he might offer his devotions during his lifetime.

From the north choir-aisle a staircase leads to the archive room and chapter library. The latter contains about 2000 volumes, most of which are chained to the shelves. The most interesting of the manuscripts is an "Antiphonarium," containing the old "Hereford Use." This "sets forth not only the services of particular days, the chants to be used, and the lectures to be read, but contains a treatise on music, and an ample calendar, in which are noted the obits of the benefactors and bishops of the church; and by which, with the aid of the Dominical letter, we are enabled to assign to the volume the date of 1265." By far the greatest treasure of Hereford, however, is the marvellous map of the world, which was the work of an ecclesiastic named Richard de Haldingham and Lafford, about the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. The map is founded on the old tradition that all geographical knowledge was derived from the observations of three philosophers sent forth by Augustus Caesar to survey the world. The four principal cities represented are Jerusalem, Troy, Babylon, and Rome, but the British Isles also occupy a considerable space, and most of the English cathedrals are mentioned. The map contains numerous curious drawings of events in ancient history, and of the birds and beasts which were supposed to belong to various parts of the world. During the Commonwealth the map was hidden beneath the floor of Bishop Audley's chapel, where it was discovered about a century ago. In 1855 it was cleaned and repaired at the British Museum, and has since been provided with a plate-glass covering and a pair of oak doors.

The cloisters consist of only two walks, the third having been pulled down during the reign of Edward VI. to make room for a grammar school. From the east walk a door formerly opened into the ancient chapter house, which was built in 1375, and is said to have been the most beautiful appendage to the cathedral. Unfortunately, it was almost entirely destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers, and in the last century most of the stone was carried away to be used in other buildings about the church, so that now little beyond the foundations remains.

Among the most distinguished of the early bishops of Hereford were Robert de Losinga, the founder of the present cathedral, and a man of much and varied learning; Bishop Foliot (1148-1163), the most bitter antagonist of Becket; and the holy St. Thomas Cantilupe (1275-1282), at whose tomb, Fuller tells us, no fewer than four hundred and twenty-five miracles are reported to have been wrought. Passing over two centuries, we come to Bishop Stanbury (1453-1477), the friend and *protégé* of Henry VI., in whose service he was taken prisoner at the battle of Northampton, and confined for some years in Warwick Castle. After his release he retired to the Carmelite monastery at Ludlow, where he remained until his death. Lastly may be mentioned Bishop Godwin (1617-1633), that "good man, grave divine, skilful mathematician, pure Latinist, and incomparable historian," who is now

chiefly remembered by his useful compilation, *A Catalogue of the Bishops of England*.

The Hereford organ was originally built by Renatus Harris in 1684. During the last and the present century it was frequently altered and enlarged, and in 1879 it was rebuilt by Mr. Willis, at a cost of £1400. It now contains 2672 pipes and 49 stops, and is, in every respect, a remarkably fine and effective instrument.

The first Hereford organist of whom we have any knowledge was the famous Dr. John Bull, to whom, among others, the authorship of our National Anthem has been attributed. Dr. Bull was born in 1563, and appointed organist of Hereford at the age of nineteen. He seems only to have held this post for three years, since, in 1685, he became a member of the Royal Chapel. Upon the recommendation of Queen Elizabeth, he was made the first Gresham Professor of Music at Cambridge, where his lectures became extremely popular; perhaps all the more so from the fact that he was unable to compose and read them in Latin, in accordance with the founder's original intention. At the age of sixty, for some unexplained reason, Dr. Bull left his native country, never to return. He became organist of Antwerp Cathedral, which post he held until his death in 1628. In the Music School at Oxford may be seen a portrait of Bull, at the age of twenty-six. Round the frame are inscribed the following remarkably uninspired lines:—

The bull by force in field doth raigne:
But Bull by skill good will doth gayne.

Henry Hall, who was born in 1655, became organist of Hereford some time before 1680. His church compositions are good specimens of the old school, and a *Te Deum* by him may still be found in many cathedral *répertoires*. He died at Hereford in 1707, and was succeeded by his son, Henry Hall, junior, who seems to have been a better poet than composer. He was the author of the once popular ballad, "All in the Land of Cyder."

Dr. Clarke-Whitfield, who was born in 1770, was appointed organist of Armagh Cathedral in 1795; of St. Patrick's, Dublin, a few months later; of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1798; and, lastly, of Hereford in 1820. In 1833 he was compelled, through ill-health, to resign his post, and upon his death, three years later, he was buried in the cloisters of Hereford, where there is a mural tablet to his memory. He published four volumes of church music, and an oratorio called "The Crucifixion and the Resurrection."

Samuel Sebastian Wesley held the organistship of Hereford from 1832 to 1835. In 1834 he conducted the musical festival there. A year later, having married the sister of Dean Merewether, he removed to Exeter. As we have already dealt with this eccentric genius in connection with the latter cathedral, it is unnecessary here to give any further details of his career.

The present organist, Mr. Colborne, bids fair to carry on the traditions of Hereford, for he is not only an admirable performer upon his instrument, but his oratorio "Samuel," produced at last year's Hereford Festival, was generally allowed to be a conscientious and well-written, if not very strikingly original composition.

ON April 14 (Palm Sunday) Sir T. Stainer's "Crucifixion" was admirably performed by the choir of St. John's Church, Worcester, the solos being taken by Mr. E. Bowen (tenor) and Mr. Johnson (bass). Mr. A. W. Smith (organist) conducted with excellent judgment and good taste, and the parish of St. John's is to be congratulated on having so able and refined a musician in their midst.

Grieg's Songs.

A

FTER the treasures of song bequeathed to us by Schubert and Schumann, it would seem difficult to produce anything strikingly original in this department of musical art. Yet such has been accomplished by Edvard Grieg. His *Lieder* have a special *cachet* of their own. He has done in his vocal what Chopin did in his pianoforte music—that is, he has sought inspiration from the romantic and plaintive strains heard among the people of his native country. This accentuation of the national element at once serves to distinguish him from the two writers mentioned above. The popular element is certainly to be found in Schubert's music, but not to so marked a degree as in Grieg's. The Scandinavian composer, like Schumann, makes the pianoforte accompaniment of special musical significance—nay, at times, as with his predecessor, the voice part is little more than recitative, while the instrumental part gives mood and meaning. Schubert and Schumann both had their favourite harmonies, their peculiar style of word-painting. And so Grieg has got a manner of his own. He has invented no new harmonies, but he mixes his colours in a way that may fairly be termed original. A marked feature in his accompaniments are the kaleidoscopic effects which he produces by means of passing and chromatic notes.

Some of Grieg's songs are simplicity itself. The "Waldlied" (Op. 10, No. 2) is such a one. There is not a single chromatic note in the melody, while the harmonies of the accompaniment all belong to the key itself or to its relative minor. Besides this we might name "Des Dichters Letzes Lied" ("Last Song of the Poet"), "Jägerlied" ("Hunting Song"), "Wald-wanderung" ("Wood-wandering"), and "Die alte Mutter" ("The old Mother"). By "simplicity" we do not refer merely to harmony, but also to form, and to the absence of technical difficulty in the accompaniment. Next we find songs in which nature and art are so skilfully combined that one accepts them at once as inspirations: word and tone seem one. In the delicate harmonies, the subtle rhythms, there is art; but as Shakespeare says, it "is an art that nature makes." Take, for example, the well-known "Sie ist so weiss." The first stanza is like many a national melody, modest and plaintive. In the second the composer wishes to mark the grief expressed by the words, and he accomplishes this with effect and without exaggeration. In "Am schönsten Sommerabends war's," the poet is in a lonely valley one fine summer's evening, and his little tone-picture is presented with soft and delicate tints. Of this kind perhaps one of the finest is "Was ich sah." Here there are some striking effects of contrast: the short sequence of augmented chords coming after, and followed by a quaint but ordinary figure; and the middle section, with its sustained chords and quiet-moving bass, differing in character from the opening and closing sections.

Well, then, there are other songs in which the art does not seem sufficiently concealed. Such, for example, is "Die Haidebeere," in which the chromatic element plays so large a part. In "Mein Ziel," a song containing many beauties, there are effects which seem sought after. Sometimes Grieg seems to delight in making chords look peculiar: look, for instance, at the

opening of the one entitled "Vom Monte Pincio"—



What, it may be asked, has the major triad of A natural to do with the key of G flat, that it should serve as opening chord? Nothing whatever is the only answer. But write it—



and a relationship can at once be established; for then the chord is part of the fundamental chord of A flat supertonic of G flat. So, too, later on in this same song we have the extraordinary harmonic progression—



Write it thus—



and it is merely the chord of augmented 6th (2nd inversion) on sixth degree of F flat minor. This would appear much simpler to the eye if transposed into F major.

The national element in Grieg's songs has been mentioned. It meets us at every turn in the melodies. The minor 2nd of a key is found among the songs of the people. We have it in "Sie ist so weiss"—



It would perhaps be as correct to speak of it as coming from the ecclesiastical mode known as the Phrygian, as we find it in the opening of the chorus "Egypt was glad" in Handel's "Israel." Then there is the constant fall of the leading note of the scale to the 5th, as, for example, in Solveig's Lied in A minor—



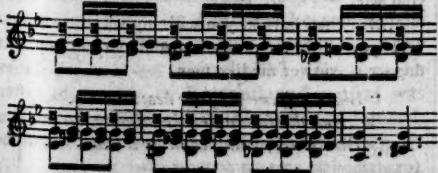
The melodic interval of a minor seventh, the augmented 2nd, the limited compass of some of the melodies, the grace notes, may also count as national marks.

With regard to harmony, Grieg's employment of passing notes may claim our attention for a moment. The short song "Geschieden" is quite a study in this respect; and though by means of these passing notes the harmonies appear complicated, yet in reality the progression of chords is often simple. How they add intensity to the accompaniment in "Ich Liebe dich!" To quote only one bar—



8

Again, how effectively is "the fading and sinking of everything into the grave" in "Abschied," depicted by the following—



The chord of the 13th which plays so important a part in Chopin's music is frequently employed by Grieg. In "Ein Schwan" he dwells on it almost to the exclusion of all other chords. And in one bar, the b natural as passing note against the b flat minor 7th of the chord, gives a peculiarly quaint and doleful sound—



The chord of the augmented 6th in all three forms is, of course, a useful instrument. In the gloomy Recitando of that fine song "Spielmannslied," it is effectively employed. In a minor key the augmented 6th on the minor 2nd must not, according to rule, resolve on the chord of the key-note. Yet, in "An die Bahre einer jungen Frau" we find—



In the breaking of rules, indeed, Grieg obtains some of his most characteristic effects. Consecutive fifths by similar and contrary motion are frequent.

A major phrase repeated in minor or vice versa has always been a favourite device with composers of the romantic school; and Grieg forms no exception. There are many instances of this in his songs, so that quotation is unnecessary. The composer is fond of constantly colouring his music with chromatic notes, and thus suggesting, if not actually passing into other keys, so that startling modulations are somewhat rare. One occurs in "Dein Rath ist wohl gut." In the first stanza he passes from F# minor, the key of the piece, to that of the dominant minor. Here is the transition in condensed form—



In the second stanza he changes the second chord enharmonically, and the key of C minor enters in a most unexpected manner—



To give a detailed account of Grieg's most interesting songs would take up far too much space, but we cannot resist the temptation of noticing just a few.

Grieg is particularly successful in writing cradle-songs. One of the most simple and most tuneful is "Margarethen's Wiegenlied," written more than twenty years ago. The little poem of Ibsen, even in German dress, is so charming, the melody and harmonies are so quaint, and the quiet-rocking rhythm so peaceful, that one can easily understand its popularity. In another merely entitled "Wiegenlied," a man is rocking his child to sleep, and singing to it about its mother, "who lies in the cold grave." The last verse concludes thus—



To save space the voice part has been written an octave higher. As with Schubert, so with Grieg, mention of the grave seems to draw from him chords steeped in sadness. As a specimen of word-colouring, the bars are striking. The

chords—those of subdominant, tonic, dominant, and again tonic—are simple enough. But the composer, as if with a magic wand, has given to them a mysterious and gloomy sound. The melody of the song is little more than a mournful crooning: the accompaniment gives the few lights and the many shades.

In a third, "Mutterschmerz," a mother is gazing at the empty cradle of her dead child. Here major and minor alternate with Schubert-like fascination. In Solveig's "Wiegenlied," which forms part of the incidental music to Ibsen's dramatic poem "Peer Gynt," the vocal part consists of little more than one phrase—



but what with starting on different intervals, and with different rhythm in the accompaniment, there is endless variety. The bending to and fro of the mother is felt in the simple tonic and dominant chords—



At the words "Sleep, thou dearest," a change is made to a quiet dominant pedal, over which chromatic chords glide mournfully: the mother has just spoken of her wearied heart. And then the lovely coda, with its descending chromatic chords, expresses at the same time the peaceful slumberer and the anxious watcher.

But let us pass from grave to gay. The composer has found tones for the voices of birds, as in "Guten Morgen"—



Nay, in one place he imitates the notes of the cuckoo ("Der Verwunderte")—



Other voices of nature, the running stream or the billows of the ocean, attract the composer. Here again in his love of water-music he reminds us of Schubert. And then he delights to find appropriate tints for shady woods, lonely valleys, and pastoral scenes.

"Die Princessin" is a ballad perfect in form and perfect in character. In it we find an exquisite blending of nature and art. How effective are the chords which depict the agitated thoughts of the princess—



And how melancholy sounds the shepherd boy's pipe—



And how quaint and simple the symphony between each verse—



Grieg must surely have had the opening movement of Schubert's Sonata in A minor (Op. 42) in his mind when he penned this. Of the more extended songs, "Ausfahrt," "Herbststurm," and "Vom Monte Pincio" deserve particular mention. All the settings of Heine, too, are admirable in tone and feeling.

A line or two in conclusion about three Norwegian poets whose lyrics inspired our com-

poser may be welcome. Grieg has set many of Andreas Munch's poems. This writer, now in his seventy-ninth year, acquired popularity by his *Poems Old and New*, published in 1848. In 1861 he produced an epic entitled "The Bridal Journey of the King's Daughter." Björnsterne Björnson, another favourite, born in 1832, became known by two novels, published, the one in 1857, the other in the following year. His *Sigurd Slembe*, an heroic trilogy, appeared in 1862. For this drama, J. S. Svendsen, the Norwegian composer, wrote an overture.

But the poet who has most fascinated Grieg is H. Ibsen, whose name occupies a prominent place in Norwegian literature. He was born in 1828. In 1862 he began his series of lyrical-satirical dramas on modern life, some of which have quite recently been translated into English by Havelock Ellis. Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, for which Grieg wrote his characteristic incidental music, followed in 1867. A collection of his lyrical poems came out in 1871.

J. S. S.

Shakespeare the Musician.

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THE passages of musical punning and quibbling are very numerous throughout the plays, and as it is to be presumed that the average audience understood and appreciated them, it is evident that musical knowledge was then more widely spread among the people than it is at the present day. A curious example occurs in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act i. Scene 2, where Proteus has sent Julia a love-letter through her maid Lucetta. Julia, too proud to take the letter and read it before her maid, says,—

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Lucetta. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune : Give me a note : your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible : Best sing it the tune of "Light o' love."

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? Belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song : How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out : And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now your too flat, And mar the concord with too harsh a descant : There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drowned in your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the "burden" of a song is the refrain or chorus, and that the "mean" signifies the middle or tenor part. When Lucetta says, "I bid the base for Proteus," she changes the allusion from the musical base to the ancient game of prisoner's base.

In Act iv. Scene 2, Julia, who in boy's clothes has followed Proteus to Milan, is brought by her host to hear the serenade to Sylvia. Proteus, while pretending to be Thurio's friend, has come to woo Sylvia on his own account, and now sings "Who is Sylvia? What is she?" At the end of the song, the host says to Julia,—

How now, are you sadder than you were before ? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Julia. You mistake ; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth ?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune upon the strings ?

Jul. Not so ; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a very quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf : it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music !

Jul. Ay ; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing ?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

In "As You Like It," Act v. Scene 3, Audrey and Touchstone are met by two pages—

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met : Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you ; sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

The two pages then sing, "It was a Lover and his Lass." At the end, Touchstone criticises the performance, as follows :—

Truly, young gentlemen, though there be no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you ; and God mend your voices.

In this passage we see how old a fashion is that of pretending to be out of voice when asked to sing. It seems probable that when David sang before Saul, he was in the habit of preluding his performance by saying that he had a cold. Touchstone's criticism, that "the note was very untuneable," has been amended by Theobald to "untuneable," which from the sequel would seem to be the correct version.

In "The Taming of the Shrew," Act ii. Scene 1, Hortensio, who, disguised as a music-master, has been set to teach Katharine the lute, enters with his head broken. Baptista, surprised at his woful case, asks,—

How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier ; Iron may hold her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me. I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering :

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

"Frets, call you these?" quoth she ; "I'll fume with them ;"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ;

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;

While she did call me—rascal fiddler,

And—twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

In Act iii. Scene 1, we find Hortensio quarrelling with Lucentio, who is disguised as a schoolmaster, as to which shall teach Bianca first. In answer to Hortensio's demand to have the first turn, Lucentio replies,—

Preposterous ass ! that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordained !

Was it not to refresh the mind of man,

After his studies, or his usual pain ?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,

And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Bianca. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong, To strive for that which resteth in my choice. (To Hortensio) Take your instrument, play you the whiles ;

His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

Luc. That will be never :—tune your instrument.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear—(Hortensio plays). — O fie ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

Bian. . . . Now, Licio, to you :—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk (to Lucentio), and give me leave awhile :

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument, To learn the order of my fingering, I must begin with rudiments of art ; To teach you gamut in a briefer sort, More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade :

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. (Reads)—

"Gamut, I am, the ground of all accord, A re, to plead Hortensio's passion : B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord, C fa ut, that loves with all affection : D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I ; E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut? tut ! I like it not : Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice, To change true rules for odd inventions.

In reading this passage we cannot but be reminded of the music-lesson scene in "Il Barbiere," which may possibly have been suggested by it. Hortensio's very peculiar gamut would certainly have answered Almaviva's purpose better than the usual one.

In "Romeo and Juliet," Act iv. Scene 5, after Juliet's body has been found, apparently lifeless, and the whole house is in the deepest distress, comes the short comic scene between Peter and the musicians who had been hired to play at the wedding. This scene appears to have been brought in as a slight relief to the general gloom of the ending.

Peter. Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease :" O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

1 Mus. Why "Heart's ease"?

Peter. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe :" O, play some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Peter. I will, then, give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Peter. No money, on my faith ; but the gleeke : I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then I will give you the serving-creature.

Peter. Then I will lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crochets : I'll re you, I'll fe you ; do you note me?

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men :

"When gripping grief the heart doth wound, And doleful dumps the mind oppress, Then music, with her silver sound"—

Why silver sound? why, music with her silver sound? What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Peter. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-post?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

"Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help does lend redress."

[Exit singing.]

According to Sir George Grove these musicians undoubtedly were rebec-players, the rebec being chiefly used at weddings and merry-makings to accompany dancing.

An interesting passage, as throwing some light upon the love and knowledge of music among the country people in Shakespeare's time, occurs in "The Winter's Tale," Act iv. Scene 2. The clown, speaking of his sister, says,—

She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.

"Three-man song-men" are, of course, singers of songs in three parts. Among four-and-twenty shearers now-a-days, how many could be found able to sing in parts? A psalm set to a hornpipe would be an excellent description of some of the Salvation Army tunes to be heard at the present time.

In the third scene of the same act, a servant, speaking of the pedlar who has just arrived, says,—

O, master! if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabret and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you! he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could not come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be a doleful matter, merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

It is evident that Shakespeare's country people could not only sing in parts, but had not yet forgotten their national songs and ballads. The fact is that music was less of an exotic in the Merry England of three centuries ago than it is now, and belonged far more to the people. This is partly accounted for by the fact that music, in ancient days, was looked upon as rather beneath the dignity of a gentleman. Even the troubadours employed jongleurs to sing and play their compositions, and when a lover serenaded his mistress he generally took his musicians with him. The great ladies did, it is true, sing and play the lute occasionally, but, as a rule, the musical performances alluded to in old plays, etc., are by ladies-in-waiting, pages, clowns, or serving-men.

As I have begun this article by quoting one of Shakespeare's musical sonnets, so I may conclude with another of the same character, in which is celebrated the skill of John Dowland, the famous lutenist and composer. Dowland was born in 1562, only two years before the poet. In 1597 he published a book of four-part songs, with "tableture for the lute," which became so popular that it went through no less than five editions. He afterwards entered the service of Christian IV. of Denmark as lutenist. In 1600 he published a second book of part-songs, and also "An Excellent Lesson for the Lute and Base Viol, called Dowland's Adew (for Master Oliver Cromwell)." In 1609 he returned to settle in England, and in 1625 was one of the six lutenists in the service of James I. Dowland died in 1626. In the following sonnet Shakespeare places poetry, as was only natural,

above music, but expressly declares himself to be the lover of both:—

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, praising all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues.

DOUBLE COUNTERPOINTS OF THE 9TH, 11TH, 13TH, AND 14TH.

In the opening article (January) we referred to the ingenuity and genius displayed by Bach in the above-named counterpoints. The late Sir G. A. Macfarren, in his Treatise on Counterpoint, wrote:—"Double counterpoint in any other intervals than these three (*i.e.* the 8th, 10th, and 12th) is not impracticable, though difficult. And its application can rarely repay the pains its construction must cost." We cannot but think that the worthy professor somewhat exaggerated the difficulty. Anyhow, acquaintance with these rarer forms must surely be profitable when made under Bach's guidance. Next to the three D.C.'s of the 8th, 10th, and 12th, that of the 11th is most in favour with Bach. The unison, third and octave become discords by inversion, but the 6th remains a 6th. The following theme and counterpoint in Prelude 7 of Bk. 1 has then the name of that D.C. writ in large letters upon it—



In bars 13 and 12 from the end we find the inversion in the 11th used, and, as the counterpoint begins on the same degree of the scale as above, it is easy to trace. In the middle of the second bar the counterpoint no longer follows the model. And herein the genius of Bach shows itself. Full use is not made of the power of inversion possessed by the two parts. The composer was not writing to parade his scientific knowledge; he merely availed himself of the opportunities presented by the combination to present his thematic material in a variety of forms. Besides D.C. in the 11th, we find that in the course of the prelude partial use is made of D.C.'s in the 10th and 13th. Twice we find inversion in the 11th, with reinversion in the octave: once in the middle of the prelude, and again at the close on the tonic pedal. In this last the counterpoint begins as in model—



Double counterpoint in the 13th also has one concord which, after inversion, remains a concord: the perfect 8th becomes an imperfect 6th. So here again the interval of the 6th plays an important part. This D.C. is employed in the

elaborate Fugue in D minor (Bk. 1, No. 6). Bars 4 and 5



are found thus at bars 19 and 20—



We find here, as in the prelude mentioned above, a certain freedom. The *e* in the bass prepares the 9th, but Bach interposes the passing note *f*, so that the 9th is actually struck. Again, there was nothing, had he so wished, to prevent him from completing the inversion down to the last note. This D.C. is used once more four bars from the end of the fugue.

We found passing use made of D.C. in the 10th in the C sharp minor Fugue (Bk. 1, No. 4). And so, too, we find D.C. in the 13th. The 2nd and 3rd themes are as follows (bar 48):—



In bar 79 we have—



i.e. D.C. in the 13th, with reinversion in the octave. This same fugue presents us with a fine example of D.C. in the 14th. It is, indeed, so good a one that, at the risk of repetition, we shall once more present bars 49 to 51—



Inversion in the 14th would give—



or, commencing on different degrees, which may be done by reading the above as bass instead of treble,



and the passage in this form will be found at bars 92 to 94. The only change is that of the first crotchet from *b* to *c*.

D.C. in the 9th has only one free interval: the 5th after inversion remains a 5th. It would not be difficult to combine two parts in which every interval was prepared, or employed only as a passing note. Indeed, many such occur in the Preludes and Fugues, but, with one exception, we cannot recall any instance in which Bach has made formal use of this particular inversion. And in this one exception the 5th, curiously enough, appears only as a passing note. The 4th and 6th are struck freely. Now the 4th, by inversion, becomes a 6th, and the 6th a 4th; and the hardness of the 4th is forgotten when, in three or four parts, the interval becomes part of a chord. Bach's counterpoint was an aim, not an end. In Fugue 17 Bk. 2, bars 6 and 7, we have—



At bars 22, 23, we find—



Next month we shall consider triple and quadruple counterpoint.

(To be continued.)

A Vanished Hand.

INTRODUCTION.

In a certain village in France, situated on the sunny slopes, and amid the smiling vineyards of fair Touraine, there is a lovely little Gothic church, lately restored to its original pattern of architectural perfection. A fair edifice of dazzling white stone that rises stately and cruciform from the brow of the steep hill, up which the village itself is gradually climbing as if to reach it.

Urged forward by the sight of that graceful spire, the wayfarer turning off from the dusty high-road skirting the broad shallow river, pushes on bravely past the village inn, where little knots of stragglers lounge about the doorway, past the tiny Mairie, with its tricolour flag and attendant gendarme, past the old Presbytère, with its straggling garden and moss-grown walls, until he finds himself at length within the church's hospitable porch.

The door yields with a touch: he enters with heart and spirit alike hushed to stillness by the dim-coloured light that plays through the chancel windows upon the tiled pavement.

There are no gaudy decorations to distract his eye, no harsh monotonous chantings to jar upon his ear. At this hour of the day, when the sun is declining into the west, the church is almost empty, save for the presence of one tall, blind old man, with snow-white hair and noble bearing, who is led in on most evenings just as the Angelus bell begins to chime out its message from heaven to the devout and faithful soul.

To the inhabitants of the village he is almost a part of the church. Nay, they owe its restoration to his lavish bounty, and they point him out with reverential and grateful whispers to the few strangers who ever find their way here from the neighbouring city across the river. In one of the *prie-dieu* chairs close to the brass work that screens the choir from the nave, he sits day after day for an hour at a time or longer, his hands clasped together on the top of his powerful staff, his sightless eyes fixed upon the pavement in wistful contemplation of a vanished past. What visions pass before him in that silent hour when he is left alone! Visions of "selfish stormy youth," of reckless days, of aimless aspirations, of all the vague, melancholy, and restless, unsatisfied desire, and chaotic passion of the undisciplined heart; visions of higher thoughts and deeper resolves, and more chastened hopes; and then of that supreme moment when the inward ideal of a man's soul finds its outward expression in the form—unknown—yet, oh! so strangely familiar—of the woman whom he first loves.

In that fair vision of mysterious beauty, all others meet and culminate, and henceforth the man has done with dreams until the love which makes life be over for him.

So had it been with this man of whom I write to-day. He had led a stirring and eventful life; he had fought in more than one foreign land against his country's enemies. More than once, too, had he changed masters,—serving first under the Orleanist king, next under the hastily-constructed Republic that succeeded his overthrow, and then under the third Napoleon, whose reign, so brilliant at the outset, terminated in such bitter degradation to the nation.

Lastly, had this gallant soldier fought bravely in the beleaguered city, and endured all the horrors of that long wintry siege, and the worse

horrors that followed it, when Frenchman shed the blood of Frenchman, and the very powers of evil were let loose among the ill-fated population.

And now in an honourable old age he had sheathed the sword which he had wielded to such good service, and his eyes were closed to all visions of earthly glory. Not—be sure—of his struggles and victories—not of his failures and hard-earned successes—not of his hardships, nor yet of his justly-deserved distinctions, did the old veteran meditate as he sat there on summer evenings in the silent empty church, and felt, though he could not see, the sunlight streaming through the pictured panes above his head. Well has it been said by a French writer, wise in his generation, that "in man" as man "there is nothing good but his young feelings and his old thoughts." All else is "but labour and sorrow," its very memory escapes us; but when the troubled earthly life is drawing to its close, some echo from its first pure youth is wafted back across the gulf of years, as you shall sometimes hear in the last bars of a symphony some faint reflex of its opening melody.

And so to the broken memories and voiceless regrets of the old French general I will strive now to give some form and utterance. It may be they will find a fleeting echo in the hearts of those who like him have longed

For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

I.

THE FIRST VISION.

One evening nearly half a century ago, when Paul de Lokmaria was a gay young captain in the army of King Louis Philippe, there was an unusual stir and excitement in the provincial garrison town, where, as he then conceived, an unfriendly fate had stranded him.

In truth he might fairly have been excused at that time for grumbling a little at the exceeding dreariness and monotony of his existence. A French country town is never lively at the best of times, and this young officer, whose tastes were refined and artistic, and whose tendencies were decidedly cosmopolitan, had just pulled through a long tedious winter with no other amusements than a spasmodic flirtation with the young wife of his elderly colonel, who, like himself, was conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer* in all its moods and tenses, and an occasional excursion to one or other of the half-ruined castles with which the neighbourhood abounds. He had done them all, as he reflected wearily one morning in the early spring, when the fruit-trees had just begun to flower, and the birds to make love, and all the imperative needs of a man's nature awoke into active existence after the long hibernation of the winter. Madame de Moussae was certainly not the best companion for him at present, with her coquettish glances, and moody frowns, and unappeasable appetite for admiration; and latterly, as Paul admitted to himself with half-penitent reserve, she had begun to pall upon him a little. There would really be nothing left for him but to cut his throat if he could not soon manage to get removed to some less purgatorial station.

He had just completed this sombre reflection, looking, however, remarkably handsome and debonair as he walked smartly down the steep street leading from the barracks, when his eye was caught by a huge placard which two *gamins*, under the supervision of an official from the Mairie, were in the act of pasting up on the walls of the public gardens.

"Tiens!" ejaculated the young captain, stopping for a moment to look at its contents. "The sisters Florentia coming here! For one night only! Great heaven! What a chance!"

It certainly was a chance which might very possibly not occur twice in the lifetime of many of the town's folk. The sisters Florentia were real celebrities, whose fame had penetrated even to this remote French country town, and eager was the curiosity to behold them, and great the anxiety to obtain places for the concert of which they were advertised as the chief performers.

It was possible, indeed, that other women before now had handled the divine instrument of Paganini, but none had ever attained to such a pitch of perfection as to play it in public. When, therefore, these two sisters, scarcely emerged from childhood, were brought forward by their father as past masters of an art hitherto deemed beyond the utmost capability of their sex, they literally took the musical world by storm.

Artists of all ages and degrees vied with each other in paying homage to these young girls, who, to the natural charms of youth and beauty, united this marvellous dexterity of finger and a power of original interpretation that amounted very nearly to genius, and who yet in the face of this intoxicating flattery preserved a perfect modesty of character and bearing which acted like an *egis* against the poisoned darts of calumny.

It may be imagined, therefore, how eagerly this young man, who had undergone a long compulsory fast from all things "lovely, honourable, and of good report," hailed the opportunity now afforded to him and the inhabitants of Dolville generally of hearing the charming Italian sisters. The eventful evening found him accordingly seated in one of the front rows of the Casino, in company with several of his fellow-officers, and—as a matter of course—in the immediate vicinity of the fascinating Madame de Moussae. There was first an overture, more or less indifferently played,—the native talent of Dolville not being of a particularly high order,—and then a smartly dressed Parisian *artiste* sang a brilliant cavatina out of the last new opera. And then there was a momentary pause, and a middle-aged Italian gentleman, with a thin care-worn face, came upon the stage, spoke in a rapid undertone to the conductor, gesticulated a little with hands and shoulders, and finally plunged again into the unknown regions below.

And finally there was a long, deafening burst of applause as two slender white-robed figures mounted the crazy wooden steps and stood before the house.

Stay! Were there two? Paul de Lokmaria saw only one. Nay; it is scarcely exaggerating to say that from that moment there existed but one woman for him on all God's earth.

Nothing ever dimmed to him the glory of that first vision. To the last day of his life the old blind general will see her as he saw her that night in her white low-necked dress of fine India muslin, with a string of pearls in her shining hair, and another clasping her graceful throat.

The sisters stood together for a few moments, with heads slightly inclined in modest acknowledgment of the hearty acclamations that had greeted them; then lifting their bows with the perfect arch that marks the virtuoso, they struck a few arpeggio chords by way of prelude, and began to play.

The music they had chosen was popular in those days; in ours it would seem antiquated to the last degree. Fantasias, capriccios, operatic arrangements by De Bériot, volkslieder and national dances succeeded each other with an unflagging rapidity, only equalled by the ap-

plause bestowed on each and all of the performances. The audience to-night represented very fairly the average taste of the Parisian public, whom Habeneck was at this time vainly striving to educate up to a proper appreciation of Beethoven's immortal symphonies.

Paul de Lokmaria was not in advance of his age. To him the *pot-pourri* of fashionable operatic music played by the sisters Florentia was a rare treat, and he joined in the shouts and gesticulations that followed each piece with an undisguised rapture scarcely pleasing to his fair neighbour.

With the quick instinct of a thoroughly vain and coquettish woman, Madame de Moussae probably scented danger to her own relations with the handsome young captain, who had beguiled for her so many of the weary hours of the past winter in this mortally dull place. "Decidedly, my friend," she said, tapping him playfully with her painted fan,—a present, by the way, of his own manufacture,—"the father will be alarmed if you stare so much at the little brunette. Already I see him look anxiously in our direction. You are too *naïf*, my dear child. Shall I then never teach you discretion?"

"I wish she would play something alone," replied Paul absently. "Let us call for a solo from each. These duets are all very well, but—"

"*Mon Dieu!*" interrupted his *ci-devant* enchantress with a light shrug of her dimpled shoulders. "It is probable that the duets are everything. Take care you are not disappointed when you hear them apart."

But Paul had already begun to call for the desired solo, and the cry was soon taken up by the great mass of the audience. The sisters exchanged a few words behind the shelter of the conductor's desk; and then the elder advanced with a smile to the front of the stage and began to execute with marvellous dexterity a sprightly Italian salterello.

Paul did not listen to it. He was gazing as if spellbound at the other—Thérèse the hand-bills named her—who had seated herself on a low rush-bottomed chair beside her grey-haired father, and was looking up at him with an expression in which an innocent triumph and secret anxiety and tender solicitude were all strangely blended.

"*Eh bien!* Yes! it is very good, very *dansant*; but you are not listening, my friend. It is amazing to me what you find in that little brunette to captivate you. She has fine eyes, I give you that, and a pretty arm; but yes! a woman would scarcely dare to play the violin without that, but for the rest!"

So Madame de Moussae chattered on in her *staccato* undertones, infinitely to the annoyance of her late cavalier, who replied only by an impatient shrug that was scarcely flattering to her inordinate self-love.

The salterello came to an end a moment later, and then the younger sister was called forward. Paul stood up in his anxiety, leaning forward and clapping his hands till he was scarlet with excitement.

"Calm yourself, 'my friend,'" murmured Madame de Moussae, plucking him by the sleeve with a very viperish expression on her piquant Parisian countenance, which it was well perhaps he did not see. "You will really have a fit if you go on like this. See then! she comes after all. She is only a coquette like the rest of us. *Elle se laisse désirer, voilà tout!*"

But Paul heard not a word; he was deadly pale now, and trembling in every limb, for it seemed to him that in that brief moment, while the Italian maiden was standing alone in front of the stage, waiting till the tumultuous applause had in some degree subsided, her eyes, after wandering timidly up and down the room, had

been drawn at last, as though by an irresistible magnet, to the spot where he was standing.

Who has not known the strange electric thrill of sympathy that may be conveyed simply by a look, and that too between those who, as regards the conditions of time and space, are perfect strangers? When Thérèse Florentia lifted up her bow after that brief interchange of glances between herself and the young officer, it is probable that each of the two felt it, and felt also that in some other age and sphere of human existence they had known each other as kindred spirits. She began to play a low tender melody that brought him back to his childhood, a simple hymn to the Virgin, dear to the pious fisher folk of his village, and which he had first heard in the little grey ivy-covered church on the wild Breton coast, where he had first learned to worship God.

He listened with beating heart, and eyes dimmed by a mist of tears. Why had she chosen just that air of all others that would bring him back to his unstained childhood, and bow him to the very dust in shame at the memory of his misspent youth and early manhood? She first drew out the melody in long sighing notes across the strings of her violin, and then she broke it up into little plaintive variations with a deep undercurrent of arpeggios, and then she modulated into a brilliant cadenza, in which her faultless execution had full scope; and lastly, she worked up the original air into a splendid thanksgiving hymn that hushed her listeners to a rapt attention, as they hung upon each movement of that marvellous bow, and melted many of them besides Paul de Lokmaria into devotional or repentant tears.

There was a moment's solemn silence when she had drawn out the last long thrilling chord. Perhaps it was even a greater tribute to her genius than the fury of applause that followed. In that one moment her eyes were once more attracted by some invisible power to those of the young French officer who had looked at her so persistently the whole evening.

Madame de Moussae noticed the involuntary gesture, noticed too the blush that overspread the girl's fair countenance, as she turned away, and her heart swelled wrathfully within her.

"What a pity it is," she observed tartly, "for you who are so enthusiastic, my friend, that the little brunette is going on to St. Maur to-morrow night, where she will be playing off all these pretty *ingénue* airs on a fresh audience. It is plain to see she is used to the public." Paul bit his lip. The thought that this fair young girl should be the plaything of a fickle populace was hateful to him. So completely had this new strange passion taken possession of him that he had lost all count of time, and had forgotten alike whence she had come and whither she was going.

If she had been an angel come straight down from heaven, Paul's worship could scarcely have been more reverential and unhesitating. It was Madame de Moussae who so rudely brought home to him the fact that her father was after all in plain language making money out of his two gifted daughters, and that the payment of so many francs here or anywhere else in the course of their provincial tour would give any man the right to go in and stare at them—at her—and criticise or applaud as might seem good to him. A fierce desire to shield her from this hated publicity came over him, and found its first expression in the haughty gesture with which he waved back the advancing crowd, and cleared a pathway for the two sisters to the carriage outside.

The elder was leaning on her father's arm: the younger, half hidden behind a mass of splendid bouquets, was following close on their steps, when Paul took this decisive step in their service.

For one moment the little hand that had wrought such wonders all that evening, and had

played upon his soul and spirit not less skilfully than on its own instrument, rested lightly on his arm as he walked with her to the carriage. He looked down at the slender fingers with a thrill of loving wonder and awed reverence. How fragile they looked now, and yet what an empire resided in them! What other hand but hers could ever call up for him from the past his pure and happy childhood?

"I do not thank Mademoiselle, I bless her," Paul murmured gently, as her sister stepped before her into the huge lumbering old carriage, in which they had posted from their last halting-place.

She gave no sign of having heard his words, save by an abrupt withdrawal of her hand from his arm. Yet he was confident that she understood. If they never should meet again in this life, he would still feel always that for one brief blissful moment her spirit had touched his and recognised it. He wandered about the streets that night like a somnambulist. Not till the morning light had begun to reddens the cathedral did he remember with a sudden revulsion of overstrained feeling that Madame de Moussae for once in her gay frivolous existence had been forced to put up with the escort of her dull elderly husband, and he knew that he—Paul de Lokmaria—would never be forgiven.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Manns' Benefit.

MR. MANNS' benefit concert took place on the 20th ult.: it was not so brilliant an affair as last year's benefit; the weather was fine, and the conductor more esteemed than ever. The baskets of flowers were absent, at least from public view, though we saw one beautiful bouquet on its way to Mr. Manns' room. Last year Mr. Hamish MacCunn's "Ship o' the Fiend" was produced as a novelty at the Palace. This year Mr. Frederic Cliffe's Symphony occupied that position; a more ambitious work, and in some movements very beautiful. It is the young composer's first orchestral work, and was inspired by his first visit to Norway, "one of the most impressive highland countries in the world; and the gloom, the size, and the solitude of its towering mountains, its gigantic cliffs, vast fiords, and lofty waterfalls, cannot fail to permeate the imagination, and charge the memory of a man of youth and sensibility who sees them for the first time. At any rate they have done so with Mr. Cliffe, and he has transferred to his first movement the feelings of astonishment, awe, exultation, delight, and yearning, which such overpowering scenes excited in his mind." There is in this first movement a very exquisite passage, in which the hearer may well, imagine the "filmy veil of some lofty waterfall tumbling in the breeze, and behind that veil, heard more than seen, may trace the headlong plunge of some massive boulder as it tumbles down the mountain slope." The movements are—1. Allegro con troppo; 2. Scherzo, allegro molto; 3. Ballade, andante espressione; tempo placido lento; 4. Finale, allegro vivace. The composer was loudly applauded, and coming to the front, bowed his acknowledgments. The overture was Mendelssohn's truly poetical "Midsummer Night's Dream," to which Ambroise Thomas's "Io Son Titania" brilliantly sung by Mme. Nordica, was a fit pendant. That charming singer also gave one of Chopin's lovely nocturnes, arranged for the voice by C. R. Drigo. Mr. Brereton sang twice: first, a song by Callcott; and secondly, "I am a Roamer," from Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger," which suits his well-trained voice and excellent articulation. Mdlle. Tremelli also gave two songs. She is too much addicted to vibrato, and her English is not good. Herr Stavenhagen's great ability was manifested in Liszt's Pianoforte Concerto. It is without doubt the most difficult and the most brilliant of display pieces. Perhaps "a rhapsody" would be the most appropriate title for it. The closing piece was the overture to "Tannhäuser."

A prolonged and hearty cheering for Mr. Manns and his band followed.

Rubinstein's Reading of Bach.

CHAPTER II.

THE first Prelude of the whole series, written of course in C major, is the one in which Rubinstein's reading is the most widely different from that generally accepted.

It is written, as one may see at a glance, in three parts, the lowest part consisting throughout of minims or semibreves, the middle voice of crotchets and quavers, and the upper voice of a melodious phrase of six semiquavers.

Now the generally accepted idea of this is that the two lowest voices, which consist all through of sustained notes, should be made sing their parts, the soprano part being played lightly and daintily after the manner of a very insignificant accompaniment.

This is M. de Pachmann's idea at all events, as well as the accepted one at the Paris and Stuttgart Conservatoriums. Czerny in his edition introduces all manner of *pianos* and *crescendos*, *fortes* and *diminuendos*. At the two last bars he gives us a *calando*, whilst at bar 30 he leads up to a brilliant double *forte*.

Rubinstein considers this as *entirely false*, considers it as trifling, as giving Bach a modern costume never intended, and as altogether contrary to and against the nature of Bach. The principal characteristics he distinguishes in this Prelude are manliness, vigour, simplicity, and an entire want of sentimentality.

The two lowest voices are struck by him in a way that make them sing clearly and beautifully all through, till their value is exhausted; but nevertheless the semiquavers are not wanting in dignity nor in tone.

Delicate *pianissimos* and brilliant *fortes* are discarded by him altogether, for he plays without *nuance*; but one must carefully distinguish between such an idea of playing, and the idea which one has of going through a finger exercise or one of the Etuden out of the *Gräders ad Parnassum* of Clement's something entirely different.

Rubinstein certainly plays this Prelude without *nuance*; at the same time there is a soul in it, a meaning, a poetry. We do not find in it moonlight and love-whispers and ethereal dreams, as we do in the first Phantasiestucke of Schumann or one of the Nocturnes of Chopin, but we find the grand and noble ideas, the intellectual breadth, the splendid calm that belonged essentially to the soul of the great master himself; in short, we find *Bach*.

Regarding the text after bar 22, Czerny adds an extra one left out by the edition of the Bach Gesellschaft, and therefore not played by Rubinstein.



The Fugue belonging to this Prelude is one of the most charming amongst the twenty-four or forty-eight.

As usual Czerny and Rubinstein interpret it differently, the former commencing with a well-marked *piano*, and introducing all kinds of *effective* (q) devices never indicated by Bach, till finally the climax is reached in a *poco a poco rallentando* extending over the four last bars, something Schumann would have described as the work of a Philistine.

Here it may be well to say a word as to the *tempo* of Bach generally, and Fugues in particular.

Most of us know how Mozart loved to have a Fugue played that was in moderate time, so as not to destroy the unity, the following of the parts, and the clearness of the whole. Of course the essential characteristics of a Fugue is this intelligent rendering, it might be called the triumph of part-playing, for each individual part must have its own individual character, yet the whole has to be a complete picture; therefore the aim of fugue-playing is not, despite its difficulty, to be the attainment of a wonderful technical virtuosity, but an intellectual rendering of several parts to form a whole. It therefore becomes a matter of necessity, that in nine cases out of ten the *tempo* taken must be a moderate one, and it must also be remembered that the *allegro* of Bach's time means a much more sobering than the *allegro* of Mendelssohn or Chopin.

Rubinstein's reading of this Fugue is marked by earnestness, simplicity, an exquisite clearness and legato, and a certain pathos with dignity.

In the last four bars we have a tonic pedal in the bass. On a good pianoforte it is sufficient that this be struck at the beginning of the four bars with a certain amount of vigour, provided, of course, that the student has attained that perfection of touch necessary; but if he has not attained this, or if his pianoforte be an indifferent one, then the C can be struck again in the third bar. Rubinstein, of course, has no necessity to do this, nor does he; but did the occasion arise, he would have no objection to do it; whilst Hans von Bülow on many necessary occasions has advocated the same.

The C minor Prelude, which, by the way, is one of the best finger exercises the student can find, happens to be one of the few which has chanced to come down to us with some little indications as to the manner in which it should be performed; the *presto*, *adagio*, and *allegro* at the eleventh, fifth, and fourth bars from the end being given in the Bach Gesellschaft edition.

From first to last, Rubinstein makes no difference whatever at any place in the tone of the semiquavers; in fact, he makes it, as it were, a study of *equality* in tone.

We have not from him, as Czerny indicates in his, an accent on the first note of the first and third groups in each bar, and neither have we in bars 25, 26, and 27 a *sf* on the first note of each bar; the *rallentando* and *ritardando* of the last bars being absurd. As Rubinstein says, had Bach wished *rallentando* or *ritardando* at any place, he would have put them, but as he didn't put them, we have no right to use them.

The Fugue belonging to this Prelude, Czerny has thought well to turn into a Staccato Etude, whilst at bars 26, 27, and 28 he has further beautified Bach by adding octaves to the subject.

Very beautiful, no doubt, according to his taste, but as Rubinstein expresses it, not at all Bach; and in the *Wohl-temperirtes Clavier* we want Bach, and not Czerny. Of course Rubinstein utterly discards this Staccato; he plays it as Bach has written it, that is without Staccato, and not taking any liberties whatever with the time. At his Lecture Recitals after he had played this Fugue in his own manner, he gave us a taste of it as Czerny would have it, the effect being inconceivably absurd; how absurd one could only realize after listening to Rubinstein's beautifully simple and unaffected rendering.

The next Prelude, that in C # major, is one of those with the Fugue following, which is chief amongst the favourite ones with players; and although it is exceedingly difficult, is still very well known.

Alas for Bach! here, of course, the Philistines have been extra busy, even Hans von Bülow the great having thought well to join them.

Bülow's reading of the Prelude I have given

in the last number of the *Magazine of Music* (March), therefore it is superfluous to give it again; but all the slurs, *pianos*, *fortes*, *diminuendos*, *sf's*, staccato marks, etc. etc.,—all these Rubinstein ignores. At bars 70 and 76 he neither plays as Czerny, Tansig, etc. directs, nor as Bülow would have it. He goes to the heart of the thing itself, with the edition of the Bach Gesellschaft to help him, and he finds there none of the tricks and ornaments others deck the whole with. His playing of this is natural, simple, and intelligent, and the tempo he adopts is neither lively nor slow, but a compromise between the two.

The semiquaver notes, which are first in the treble, then in the bass, changing place with all that wonderful ease peculiar to Bach's genius for double counterpoint, are simply strings of pearls; nowhere have we inequality nor tricks—all is beautiful, easy, free. Bach in a merry mood, Bach in a charming mood, having laid aside all diffuseness.

The Fugue following is one of those which requires a most moderate tempo, although modern virtuosi generally fancy it quite the contrary.

Rubinstein's reading of it is marked by a certain majesty—there is no wild scramble over the keys of the pianoforte.

The theme is given broadly, even gravely,—it is answered broadly and gravely,—it is answered again broadly and gravely,—and so, when the beautiful sequences are reached, they are intelligible.

The C # minor Prelude and Fugue—one of the most difficult and sublime—which follows, requires almost every gift possible to a musician for its interpretation.

Bülow and Rubinstein read this almost identically. Every note of the Prelude is full of the most exquisite poetry, and every note of the Fugue—one of the most wonderful—the result of astonishing learning.

Rubinstein plays both exceedingly slowly; and how he does make the semibreves and minims of the Prelude speak, or rather sing! It is also played by him legato and piano; but how it is played is almost an impossibility to describe; there is about his playing a subtle beauty, a subtle pathos, a subtle something hard to define. Throughout it is piano after his reading, and sublimely meditative and calm.

The Fugue, which is in five voices and has two episodes, is one of the most magnificent of all; so magnificent that it is well-nigh impossible for any performer to do it justice. To understand it rightly it should be written out, each voice being given a special stave; and only in this way can a student come to understand its hidden beauties, and the well-nigh magical effect of the whole. Of course Rubinstein plays it grave almost to solemnity,—earnestly, seriously, and broadly. Every voice has its own individuality, nothing is slurred, and, what is more wonderful still in the colossal conception, nothing unintelligible.

The following Prelude in D major is something more light; but Rubinstein does not give it the dainty character most players do,—the staccato of Czerny he discarded altogether,—and, as in the Preludes C minor and C # major, equality of finger he makes its distinguishing beauty, for from beginning to end it is with him one faultless study of legato,—a succession of tones clear, even, and beautiful.

The Fugue, a special favourite of Rubinstein's, is remarkable for its impetuosity and broadness. Like the war-horse scenting the battle, Rubinstein always gathers himself together as he commences it.

His tone all through, although never noisy or jarring, is simply wonderful,—in fact, it can only be described as being organ-like; whilst

the majesty he puts into the last half of the first bar is simply amazing ; then the descending semiquavers played with the double notes in the left hand in bars nine and ten are like trumpet calls, or the thunderbolt utterances of a Jupiter ; and then the Finale—but it is quite impossible to speak of this, for Rubinstein's conception is beyond words.

Grandeur, breadth, magnificence—it is all these ; and Rubinstein reaches the acme in these.

As Rubinstein often says after he plays it, it was written more than a hundred and fifty years ago, yet there is a majesty in it time itself is powerless against,—a grandeur unequalled, a grandeur lionlike, a grandeur which Kant would describe as transcendent.

Reminiscences of Beethoven.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANZ GRILEPARZER.

—o:—

LAN article upon Beethoven, written by Rellstab, my personal relations with the great master are not quite accurately described, and this is more particularly the case in regard to an opera libretto which I wrote for him. I do not accuse Herr Rellstab of making incorrect statements, for I have no doubt he simply wrote down word for word what Beethoven told him. The mistake probably arose from the melancholy condition of the latter during the last years of his life, when he was not always capable of distinguishing between what he had actually done, and what he only intended to do. As everything that concerns a great man is interesting, I will endeavour to give a faithful description of our first meeting, and of what followed thereupon.

The first time I saw Beethoven was in my early boyhood—it might have been in 1804 or 1805—and was at a musical party given by my uncle, Joseph Sonnleithner, who was then a partner in a music-publishing business at Vienna. Besides Beethoven, Cherubini and the Abbé Vogler were among the guests. Beethoven was at that time still slight in figure, and with his black hair untouched by grey, while, contrary to his later custom, he wore very elegant attire, and carried glasses. Whether he or Cherubini played, I have no recollection ; but this I do remember, that, after the servant had announced that supper was served, Abbé Vogler sat down to the piano and began to play an apparently endless string of variations upon an African theme, which he himself had brought from its native land. One by one, the company disappeared into the supper-room, till only Beethoven and Cherubini remained behind. Presently Cherubini vanished, and then Beethoven stood alone beside the untiring player. At length, he too lost patience, and followed the other guests ; but still the Abbé, now quite forsaken, never ceased to fondle his theme and twist it into every imaginary form and shape. Of what happened next I have not the slightest recollection. Who sat next Beethoven at table, if he conversed with Cherubini, whether the Abbé joined the rest of the company later on—it is all as though a dark curtain were drawn between me and the half-remembered scene.

A year or two later we—my parents, brother, and I—spent the summer at the little village of Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, where we shared the same house with no less a person than Beethoven himself. Our rooms were on the garden side of the house, while those that abutted on the street were occupied by our distinguished fellow-lodger. Both sets of rooms were connected by a passage which led to the common staircase. My brother and I thought then but little of the odd-looking man—he had grown stouter and neglected his dress—as he used to push past us, humming to himself. My mother, however, who was passionately fond of music, used sometimes, when she heard the sound of his piano, to steal out into the passage and listen to his playing. Unfortunately, upon one of these occasions Beethoven's door opened suddenly, and he came out. Catching sight of my mother, he shot in again for a moment, and then, hat on head, dashed down the stairs and

into the street. As long as we stayed we never heard him play again. In vain my mother assured him through his servant that not only would no one listen to him again, but that our doors into the passage should remain locked, and all her household should use the garden entrance, roundabout which it was, instead of the common staircase. Beethoven refused to be softened, and left his piano untouched until, in the late autumn, we returned to Vienna.

Some few summers later I happened to be frequently at my grandmother's house in the neighbouring village of Döbling, where Beethoven was also residing. Opposite my grandmother's windows stood the tumble-down house of a somewhat disreputable peasant, named Flohberger. Flohberger possessed a pretty, flighty daughter called Lise, in whom Beethoven seemed to take a good deal of interest. I can see him now as he used to walk along the Hirschengasse, his white pocket-handkerchief trailing on the ground behind him. He invariably came to a standstill at the gate of Flohberger's yard, within which the fair Lise was usually to be seen mounted on a hay or straw waggon, chattering, laughing, and laying about her with her pitchfork.

I never observed that Beethoven addressed her ; he merely stood silently gazing, until, at last, the girl, who probably found the peasant lads more to her taste, contrived to offend him by a look or a word, whereupon he would turn abruptly away and march off in an opposite direction. All the same he never failed, the next time he passed the house, to pause at the gate, and gaze into the courtyard. His interest in the family was so strong, indeed, that once when the father was clapped into the village prison on account of some drunken brawl, Beethoven went himself to the magistrates to ask for his release, and attempting to treat the stern justices in his usual imperious fashion, narrowly escaped being compelled to bear his *protégé*'s involuntary company.

During the next few years I only saw Beethoven in the street, or once or twice at a *café*, where he consorted a good deal with a long since dead and forgotten poet, Ludwig Stoll. Meanwhile, I had myself begun to tread the path of publicity. "Die Alnfrau," "Sappho," and "Medea" had already appeared, when one day I heard from the Intendant of the two theatres, Graf Moritz Dietrichstein, that Beethoven had applied to him to know if I could be induced to write an operatic libretto. I must confess that this proposal caused not a little embarrassment. The fact was, I doubted whether Beethoven, who had now become quite deaf, was still capable of writing a successful opera. The idea, however, of affording a great man the opportunity of creating what would, in any case, be a work of the very highest interest, outweighed all other considerations, and I consented.

Among the dramatic subjects which I had marked out in my mind as suitable for the groundwork of future conceptions were two which seemed to lend themselves particularly to operatic treatment. One of these was distinguished by the most intense dramatic passion. But, apart from the fact that I knew no singer who was capable of sustaining the principal part, I had no wish to tempt Beethoven by the choice of a wild, half-diabolical plot, into any of those musical eccentricities, towards which he already seemed so fatally drawn. I fixed, therefore, upon the fable of Melusine, and endeavoured, by prominent choruses and powerful finales, to suit myself as far as possible to the peculiarities of Beethoven's genius at the last stage of its development.

I did not confer with the composer at first upon the subject, as I wished to preserve the freedom of my conception ; later, it would be easy enough to alter any unimportant details, and, in any case, he was at liberty to accept or reject my book as he thought fit. Indeed, in order that his choice should not be fettered or himself embarrassed by any personal considerations, I sent him the book, when finished, through Graf Dietrichstein. A few days later Schindler, who was then acting as Beethoven's agent, came to me with an invitation from his employer to visit him at his own house, as he was confined to his room with some slight indisposition. I set off at once with Schindler to the Landstrasse in the Vorstadt, where Beethoven then lived. I found him lying upon a very untidy bed, at the head of which was a door opening, as I afterwards perceived,

into his store cupboard, so that he was enabled to maintain some sort of check upon his housekeeper.

As we entered the room Beethoven got up from his couch, gave me his hand, and after having poured out numerous expressions of respect and good-will, came without further delay to the subject of the opera. "Your work lives here," he said, tapping his breast ; "in a few days I go into the country, and then I shall begin to compose. Only I do not know what to do with the huntsmen's chorus with which the first scene opens. Weber used four horns in his huntsmen's chorus ; you see, therefore, that I am bound to use eight ; but where will that lead to ?"

Although I was far from perceiving the necessity of this conclusion, I explained that the huntsmen's chorus could easily be cut out, without any injury to the rest of the work. Beethoven seemed much pleased at this concession, and neither then nor later made any other complaint of the text, or suggested any further alteration. After much talking, or rather writing, for Beethoven could no longer hear at all, I withdrew, promising to visit him at Hetzendorf as soon as he was settled there.

In the course of the summer I drove out to Hetzendorf with Schindler. On the way thither Schindler told me that Beethoven had been hindered in the composition of the opera through having to finish several pressing commissions. I avoided, therefore, any mention of the subject when conversing with the master. I remember so well how, when we sat down to table, Beethoven went into another room, and brought out five bottles of wine. One of these he placed in front of Schindler's plate, one in front of his own, while the other three he arranged in a row before mine, meaning thereby to intimate in his rough good-humoured way that I was welcome to drink as much as I liked.

Schindler was going to remain in Hetzendorf, but Beethoven insisted on accompanying me on my drive back to the town. When we reached the city gates he alighted, and after a hearty hand-shake, set off alone on his hour-and-a-half long homeward walk. As he got out of the carriage I saw a piece of paper lying on the seat which he had occupied. Thinking that he had forgotten it, I called to him to come back, but he only shook his head, and with a hearty laugh, as if at some piece of successful cunning, hurried off as fast as he could. I unfolded the paper, and found it contained the exact amount of the fare due to my driver. So entirely strange had his mode of life rendered him to all ordinary usages of society, that it never occurred to him that under most circumstances such an act would be resented as an insult. I, however, took the matter as it was meant, and, with a laugh, handed over the money to my coachman.

I only saw Beethoven once again. On that occasion he said, "Your opera is finished." Whether he meant finished in his mind, or whether the innumerable note-books in which he put down thoughts and ideas for future use, but which nobody but himself could decipher, really contained the fragments of that opera, it is impossible now to tell. As a matter of fact, after his death not a single note was found which could be referred with any certainty to our joint work. True to my resolution, I had always refrained from bringing the matter in any way to Beethoven's recollection, and as I found conversing on paper unsatisfactory work, I made no effort to seek him out during the last year or so of his life.

The shock was all the greater when one evening Schindler came to tell me that Beethoven was dying, and that his friends were anxious I should write an oration to be delivered by the actor Anschitz at the grave. I was deeply moved, for at that time I had not even heard that he was ill. I made an effort, however, to collect my thoughts, and the next morning set myself to fulfil my melancholy task. It was only half completed when Schindler came in again to tell me that Beethoven had just breathed his last. At this news I was overcome by a terrible emotion ; the tears started to my eyes, and it was only by a great effort of self-control that I could finish, however unworthily, the work that had been desired of me. A day later, and, in black garments, with flaming torches in our hands, we stood round the open grave. The oration was delivered ; thoughtfully and solemnly the funeral guests dispersed, and—Beethoven was no more among us.

The Literary Side of Wagner's Musical Dramas.

DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG.

— o —

AT a time when it is too fashionable glibly to deplore the decadence of genius amongst the modern exponents of nature through the media of art, it may not, I hope, be found uninteresting, to consider the scheme upon which one of our contemporary masters has constructed a life-picture, from the storehouse of his own fertile conception.

In giving a brief sketch of the comedy of "The Mastersingers of Nürnberg," it will not be in my province to deal with the music; enough for me if by awakening an interest in the subject, and its structural development, I may direct the attention of some towards a noble masterpiece of art, as viewed merely from a literary point of view.

It is to be remarked that there is a set purpose apparent in all the works which Richard Wagner has given to the world; each was sent forth with its special mission, each had its special lesson to unfold. The invertebrate nature of many of our so-called works of art, whether in the domains of music, painting, or literature, may be set down to the absence of any definite aim in the mind of the artificer.

The comedy of the "Mastersingers" inculcates the necessity of casting off all narrow-minded, one-sided habits of thought in our judgment of men and things. With the special application of this sentiment to the world of art, Wagner, as is well known, has peculiarly identified himself, and the whole of the comedy is an emphatic protest to the opposition which he himself experienced in his efforts to expand and intensify the use of music for the furtherance of art.

The Mastersingers are members of a musical guild, which had been formed for the upholding and furtherance of art, in the town of Nürnberg. Its body comprises representatives of nearly all the occupations and trades of the town, from the chief clerk to the soap-boiler, one of their fundamental principles being the equality of all in the domain of art.

The action commences with a scene in the town church, in which we are introduced to the hero and heroine,—Walter von Stolzing, a young knight whose love of art has caused him to visit Nürnberg, and who has seen and fallen deeply in love with Eva, the daughter of Pogner, a goldsmith of the town, and one of the members of the guild.

To Walter's eager questions as to whether the maiden is already betrothed, her maid replies by an intimation that her hand is to be obtained by the most successful of the singers at an approaching "Trial of Skill," to be held on the morrow; upon which he declares that he will enter the lists.

In the next scene Walter is initiated into all the mysteries of a "Trial of Skill" by David, the apprentice of another of the guild, Hans Sachs by name—the shoemaker and poet-philosopher of the town. The witty remarks of the apprentice in describing the various qualifications necessary in order to become a Mastersinger, form an admirable satire upon the modern conventional manufacture of musicians.

At its conclusion Walter throws himself disconsolately upon a seat, dismayed at the apparent hopelessness of a true artist, such as he feels himself to be, ever attaining the rank of Mastersinger, whilst the apprentices give vent to a jeering chorus at his presumption.

Pogner now enters, with Beckmesser, an empty-headed coxcomb, well advanced in years, who is also a suitor for Eva's hand.

Pogner announces to the guild, who have assembled, his intention of giving his daughter as bride to the victor in the coming trial. A lively discussion ensues, as to what voice the maiden shall have in the decision.

Hans Sachs suggests that the opinion of the public shall be invoked to confirm that of the guild, which is met by shouts of disapproval, at the idea of "the mob" deciding anything in connection with art.

Sachs then administers a well-timed reproof to them (and others!), by reminding them that the sole aim of all their efforts in the study of art is, or should be, for the public benefit, and that therefore the popular taste must be an all-important factor in the determination of the principles by which they should be guided.

It is ultimately decided that the maiden shall herself decide, but that she shall wed no other but a Mastersinger.

Walter now requests that he may be allowed to contend for the prize, and is submitted to a preliminary trial. Being asked where and from whom he acquired his art, he confesses that it is from nature herself, at which there is another outburst of derision amongst the Mastersingers.

He is, however, invited to sing to the assembled members of the guild, the laws of the Tabulature being first recited, and a "marker" being appointed—the office of the latter being to record the faults committed by the singer, of which seven are allowed.

Taking up the words of Beckmesser, "Now, begin," he burst forth in poetic fervour into a melody, transgressing all the rules and laws of the guild, and only winning the approbation of the honest Sachs, who ventures to suggest, that though their laws will not apply to such music, yet perhaps it may be found to have laws of its own.

This, however, is looked upon as heretical to the traditions of the guild, and Sachs is for the time being silenced.

Walter then finishes his song amidst the trivial expressions of disapproval of the majority of Mastersingers. The apprentices, on the other hand, who have joined hands and danced around, swayed by the beauty of words and melody such as they have never before dreamt of, enthusiastically wish him success, and the curtain falls upon a laughable scene of confusion between the "masters" and the apprentices.

The second act opens with a view of Pogner's and Sach's houses. It is evening, and closing time, and the apprentices are putting up the shutters, David amongst them. Eva's maid now enters with a basket of dainties intended for David; these two being lovers also. On hearing that Walter has been outsung, however, she retires, leaving David disconsolately looking after her. He soon commences quarrelling with the other apprentices, who have roused him with their gibes. The entrance of Hans Sachs puts an end to their fighting, and David is ordered off to bed.

Pogner and Eva are next seen returning from a walk. They sit down under a linden tree in front of Pogner's house, Eva uneasy at not knowing the result of her lover's trial, and Pogner, half aware of how matters stand between the two, also disturbed. As they enter the house, Eva's maid tells her of Walter's ill-fortune, and at the same time that his rival,

Beckmesser, purposes serenading her this evening.

Hans Sachs is then left alone, and in the third scene of this act the poetry in the man's nature is admirably shown in a soliloquy full of beauty upon Walter's trial song, the words and music of which haunt him.

Eva next comes out, and, approaching Sachs, a charming scene ensues between the kindly old cobbler and the maiden. After some little time, in which Eva gradually works round the conversation to the point she really has most at heart, she asks about the late election trial of Walter. Sachs, by a pretence of joining in the general condemnation of her lover's singing, rouses Eva's indignation, in the expression of which she betrays the true state of her feelings. She then leaves him seated in his workshop, but still lingers outside her own door in the hope of seeing Walter, who at the moment that Pogner's voice is heard calling his daughter, arrives on the scene. Eva rushes towards him, and the two are, as they fancy, alone together. Walter passionately describes what has occurred, and urges her to fly with him. As he is declaiming against the so-called "masters" in a song full of the most withering contempt, the watchman's horn is heard. As he draws near, Eva, with a promise to rejoin him, now retires, leaving Walter beneath the lime-tree. In a few moments she comes out again, having exchanged dresses with her maid.

In the meanwhile, Sachs, through his half-opened door, has been the unsuspected witness of the whole scene, and heard of the proposed elopement. Just as the lovers are on the point of flying together, he shifts his lamp and sends a ray of light straight across their path. Whilst they hesitate, the sound of a lute is heard—they conceal themselves, and Beckmesser then approaches, tuning his lute. He is preparing to sing, when Sachs commences knocking loudly with his hammer on the last, and, turning his lamp on the street, at the same time begins a song of his own.

Where so much wit and humour abound throughout, it is difficult to fix upon any individual instance as more deserving notice than another, but perhaps this song exemplifies the composer's possession of these qualities in a more striking manner than anything else in this masterpiece of comedies.

Sachs, whilst he humorously connects the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise with the necessity for the art of cobbling, conveys to the loving couple thereby a covert reproach, but so deftly, that they are not sure whether it is intentional or not.

The whole scene, with Beckmesser's irritation at being interrupted in his proposed serenade, the lovers' conscious ejaculations as the song proceeds, and Hans Sachs' good-humoured voice trolling out his well-conveyed reproof, forms one of the most highly-finished pictures of comedy possible to be conceived.

At the end of the song, Eva's maid appears at the window, and Beckmesser taking her for her mistress, after some further altercation with Sachs, at last persuades him to be silent whilst he serenades the object of his affections, but is constantly interrupted by Sachs knocking with the hammer, in quality of "marker."

Finally, David is awakened by the noise, recognises Beckmesser, and, seeing Eva's maid at the window, fancies that she is being courted. He runs for a cudgel, and forthwith sets upon the unfortunate "master." The neighbours are soon all awake, and gradually assemble in the street in their night attire. They begin to quarrel together, and the fighting becomes general, in the midst of which Sachs clears his way to Eva and

Walter, pushes the former into her own house, and seizing the latter by the arm drags him into his workshop, and closes and fastens the door. The crowd gradually disperses, and just as all is quiet again, by a humorous touch the watchman is made to reappear sleepily gazing around as though half-suspicious that he had heard something to disturb the quietness of the night!

The opening scene of the third act is laid in Hans Sachs' workshop, in which he is discovered reading. David enters, but Sachs, still absorbed in his book, scarce notices him. At length, partially roused, he bids him repeat some verses he has taught him. David obeys, and is then dismissed. Sachs is still thoughtful; at length his thoughts find words, and thinking of last night's disturbance in philosophic vein, he reflects upon the inexplicable character of human nature, and the apparently insignificant causes which can rouse into life the passions of humanity. He ponders on how he may turn the tide of feeling into a channel for doing noble work. The depth of thought and beauty of expression are remarkable. It is in the constant recurrence of such passages as the above throughout the drama, that we gain an insight into the intellectual capacities of Wagner, over and above his mastery of the mystic spell of music, with which he envelops and intensifies the whole. Walter next enters from an inner chamber, and the great master-composer here lavishes upon us an intoxicating draught of the love poetry which is welling from his heart. In the composition of what is to be the master-song we have the fascinating study of nature's inspiration restrained by the curb of art. The poet insists with reason upon the necessity of a definite form in the expression of what the soul would utter, as intensifying and defining its object.

Sachs' beautiful defence of those "masters" who devised the rules which Walter declares to be but hindrances to his art, must be read to be appreciated. He points out passionately that life is not all spring, and that the object of the "masters" had been, so to speak, to retain the mould of their spring songs, upon which they might fashion anew songs to refresh them in the autumn of life, when, amidst the strife and turmoil of the struggle for existence, the spontaneous outbursts of love and melody would perchance have ceased whilst the occasion for them would be felt more than ever.

Of Walter's master-song itself, we can only repeat in wonder the words of Sachs, "Lausch kind, das ist ein Meisterlied,"—words and music are both beyond praise. Sachs writes the words of the song down as it is being sung, and then leaving it as yet unfinished, they retire to the chamber, and the room is left empty. Beckmesser now comes upon the scene, in miserable plight from his recent thrashing, and the comic vein of our poet is again in the ascendant. A most laughable scene follows. Beckmesser catches sight of the master-song, and thinking it is Sachs' composition, puts it in his pocket, and, to his delight, the latter entering the room, and perceiving the theft, he is told that he may keep it, and use it as his own at the trial, but is warned that he must provide a suitable air to it.

As Beckmesser leaves the workshop, Eva enters it, and, under pretence of finding fault with her shoe, seeks to conceal her anxiety for news of her lover. The delightful manner in which the friendly relations between these two is drawn, enhances the attraction of what now ensues. Whilst Sachs is working at the troublesome shoe, Walter, clad in knightly armour, enters, and at sight of Eva his inspiration is renewed, and he finishes the last verse

of his master-song. Eva stands rapturously gazing at him, and as he ceases she breaks into passionate tears, and clings to Sachs, who, tearing himself away, leaves her unconsciously leaning on Walter's shoulder.

Sachs then indulges in some mirth at his own expense for having gone out of his way to mix himself up with these matters, but is interrupted by Eva, who embraces him and speaks through her tears the gratitude she feels. Her maid now enters with David, and Sachs solemnly announces the christening of a new master-song, and, to David's delight, he makes him his journeyman, so that he may be witness to the ceremony.

Eva now gives vent to her pent-up feelings in a touching song, whilst the rest join in, each expressing the feelings dominant in their hearts. The whole party then quit the scene in order to betake themselves to the meadows, where the trial of skill is to take place.

In the fifth scene we have a delightful picture of the rustic gathering, all the civic guilds being first arrayed before our eyes, and finally a cleverly-devised dance between the village maidens and apprentices. This is terminated by the entrance of the Mastersingers. A grand procession is formed, and they then proceed to the appointed spot, and when they are seated silence is proclaimed.

Sachs advances, and is met by shouts of applause, the whole assembly joining in a chorus of welcome to their favourite townsmen. He then, as spokesman, proclaims what is to take place in a speech, in which his lofty character is well exhibited.

Beckmesser being called upon to take up his position, as the first competitor, is assailed by chaff on all sides; he gets into a laughable state of confusion and panic, and, forgetful of music and words, he at first arouses the wonder, and then the laughter and derision of the crowd, and, at last, furious with every one, he quits the scene totally discomfited.

Walter thereupon steps forward, and sings the master-song in a voice replete with fire and passion, and all are moved to the highest degree of enthusiasm, amidst which he is unanimously elected victor. He is therefore led to Eva, and, kneeling to her, receives the crown of laurel and myrtle.

Pogner then advances to present him with the symbol of masterhood of their guild, but Walter turns away with ill-concealed disdain.

The large-hearted Sachs advancing, grasps him by the hand, and after reproaching him for slighting the masterhood which can procure him such a prize as he has won, he eloquently concludes his address with a panegyric upon German art, and the duty of unselfish devotion to it and its masters. The comedy then concludes with a grand chorus, in which there is a fine display of national feeling combined with an expression of love for art, and at the end of which the curtain falls as the crowd once more shout out "Heil, Sachs! Nürnberg's Theseus Sachs."

Having thus followed our characters through the course of the narrative, and glanced briefly at the more salient features in the text, there now remains for us to consider the structure of the piece as a vehicle for conveying impressions to the mind.

The unity of sentiment that pervades the whole, so that as the action proceeds the lesson which our poet-master desires to inculcate is driven home, is specially noticeable. There are no misdirected blows to weaken the impressions of the master-strokes of his hammer upon the rock of Prejudice. Vigorous and uncompromising is his strife against this foe to pro-

gress. Whilst in the poet of Nature he shows the necessary triumph of the beautiful over the artificial, yet at the same time he nobly points out that it is merely a blinded perception of the purely relative nature of what we term Law that can produce its antagonism to true advance.

Each character in this comedy presents a well-defined individuality, whilst the various passions of mankind are presented skilfully for our inspection and study, and in a manner so natural are the transitions effected that our wonder is aroused and our admiration compelled.

The noble-minded Sachs is pre-eminent; his sympathetic nature, combined with his power of seeing beneath the surface of things, and the generous views he entertains of art, all are exposed by a master hand. Our feelings, purified in tone by the lofty eloquence of Sachs, are kindled to a still higher warmth and enthusiasm in sympathy with the poet-hero Walter, with his highly-strung nature, revolting at the semblance even of restraint on the celestial freedom of his inspiration.

The humour which runs through the whole is never commonplace, and always directed with the purpose of showing up what is little in man, whether it be the obtuseness of pedantry so dominant in the realm of professional criticism, or the vanity of the individual in the person of the critic.

In the character of Beckmesser, Wagner has subjected to the pillory of public scorn the self-sufficient, arrogant, empty pate, who from the depths of his own crass ignorance presumes to pose as a critic, whilst he is not above purloining the results of another man's brains to supply the deficiencies of his own.

There is ever present an under-current of light-hearted gaiety, which would seem to spring from an ineradicable belief in the certainty of the triumph of Right; and so great is this faith that at the very climax the poet does not hesitate to confront the champion of Freedom in his hour of victory, and to warn him of the danger he is in of falling into the same snare as that which has entangled his opponents.

Before closing this imperfect sketch, I would suggest a feature of primary importance in the critical consideration of the drama before us, namely, the mastery over stage-effect possessed by Wagner, as shown in the wondrous succession of life-pictures presented to the eye. With so much truth and accuracy in design is this effected throughout, that the words which fall upon our ears are but as the echo of those which the heart itself, stimulated by the spirit of music, has already supplied.

It would appear difficult to overrate the importance of the position which such a work as this must occupy amongst the art trophies bequeathed to mankind.

The conjunction of music, poetry, and scenic effect, in the manner suggested, and after years of strife and opposition, actually carried out by Wagner, forms a conception betokening the highest form of genius. The acrimony of his opponents, perhaps in part intensified by the masterful pen of the object of their spite, has unfortunately hidden from the public view the actual work accomplished by him. From a literary point of view alone we would contend that the works of Richard Wagner are deserving of, and will amply repay, the diligent study of all those who, preferring to exercise their own judgment to accepting as gospel the verdict of others, will exert themselves to gain some insight into a mind cast in so extraordinary a mould.

JOHN E. MARSHALL HALL.

Accidentals.

THE presentation by the Queen of the library of the Ancient Concerts to the Royal College of Music once more opens up the question of the ultimate destination of the almost unique library, now lost to sight in Buckingham Palace. It contains nearly two thousand works, including eighty-seven volumes of Handel's autographs, a unique collection of puzzle canons by John Bull and Elway Bevin, the Sir John Hawkins' collection of madrigals, and MSS. of Purcell, Mendelssohn, and many others. In Buckingham Palace all these things are entirely useless. Their proper place clearly is the British Museum, where, under judicious conditions, musical antiquarians and others would be able to consult them without Court restrictions. The collection is Her Majesty's private property, and the bulk of it has been handed down to her by her predecessors—at any rate from the reign of Charles I.

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MR. HAMISH MACCUNN will not improbably write a cantata for the Norwich Festival of 1890. It is to be hoped that his work will meet with the approval of the Norwich chorus, which, it is to be presumed from certain features of the last Festival, constitutes itself the final critic on the merits of a new work.

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BEFORE Mr. Santley sailed for Australia on April 5, he was entertained and testimonialized at St. Joseph's Retreat, near Highgate, where he sometimes sings in the choir. As Mr. Santley is not expected to return before October at earliest, the stewards of the Gloucester Festival have been obliged to fix upon another baritone, and it is believed that Mr. Brereton is the man of their choice.

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Apropos of the Gloucester Festival, we understand that the local gentry are not showing much alacrity in accepting the office of steward, which, unlike the corresponding position at Hereford and Worcester, involves a subscription of £5 to the charity, as well as responsibility for any deficit on the working.

* * *

THE prospectus of the Richter Concerts has now been issued. The performances will begin on May 6, and, excepting Whit-Monday, will be continued weekly until July 8. The prospectus admits that "a preponderance will be given to the most important pieces of Beethoven and Wagner, more especially as the absence of any German operatic enterprise in London has created a demand for the performance of excerpts from Wagner's music dramas."

* * *

THE jubilee craze, from which Dr. Joachim has recently emerged, is now to be extended to Rubinstein. The great pianist made his *début* as a boy of nine, at a concert at Moscow, on July 23, 1839. I suppose we shall all be asked to subscribe to buy him a jubilee piano.

* * *

IT is announced that Mr. Carl Rosa proposes to put Macfarren's opera, "She Stoops to Conquer," on the Liverpool stage some time during the present month.

* * *

HAPPY American artists! The weary brain-workers of England will read with envy of the "Home Hotel" which has just been founded at Brooklyn by Miss Mary Fisher. This hotel is intended to be a place of rest for all workers in art and science who could not otherwise afford the occasional change and quiet needful for their tired minds. Here the charges for residence will be merely nominal, and even, in some cases, abolished, so that the genuine workers may be assured of welcome and grateful quiet. We have at present no fuller details of the constitution and working of his institution, but enough has been said to show

what a boon is in store for the workers of America. Can nothing of the sort be done for England?

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ALL arrangements for the production of "Otello" at the Lyceum Theatre, under the auspices of Mr. Mayer, are now concluded, and the first performance has been fixed for Friday, July 5. The artists who have obtained such a great success at La Scala have been engaged. Signor Maurel will play Iago, Signor Oxilia Otello, and Signora Gabbri Desdemona. The chorus and orchestra from La Scala have also been engaged. Signor Faccio, the conductor of La Scala, will direct, and Mr. Mayer intends to organize with this famous orchestra a few special concerts in the style of those given by the same professors at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

* * *

MR. MAYER recently paid a visit to Verdi at the Doria Palace, Genoa. During the interview Verdi assured Mr. Mayer that he would write no more operas. "Otello," he said, "is my last work, and I wish you every success, as I hear you have made such great efforts to unite a *troupe d'élite* to produce my work."

* * *

RAPID progress is being made with Professor Herkimer's pictorial music-play, to be produced at Bushy in June next. The score now stands practically complete, and the choruses have been for some time in the hands of the students. As with its predecessor of last year, the plot is worked out, between the lyrical pieces, in dumb show to an orchestral accompaniment. The musical efficiency of the representations is being carefully looked after, and the Professor will have the assistance of Mr. Ludwig as leader of the orchestra. Miss Kate Rorke will impersonate the heroine.

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MESSRS. BELFORD, CLARKE, & CO., the publishers of the forthcoming American musical novel, *Janus*, by Mr. Edward Stevenson, direct attention to the fact that within some forty years only three novels that were at once strongly musical and yet otherwise interesting enough to make a popular success have appeared, viz. *Charles Anchester*, the (anonymous) *Alcestis*, and *The First Violin* of Miss Fothergill. Of course this applies only to novels in the English language.

* * *

AN increase of musical festivals in cathedrals is much to be desired on various accounts, and no long time has elapsed since we welcomed an alliance between the mother churches of Peterborough and Lincoln with a view to the institution of a festival somewhat on the lines of that which flourishes in the West. This year it is the turn of Lincoln, and two performances will be given on June 19 next, under the presidency of the Dean, Mr. Young conducting. The programme includes the "Elijah," the "Dettingen Te Deum," and the "Hymn of Praise," the solos in these works being entrusted to Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Barton M'Cullin, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The fact that this will be the first festival ever given in Lincoln Cathedral cannot fail to enhance the interest of the occasion.

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WE are informed that the Lincolnshire public have shown their adhesion to the festival in a very practical manner. The Committee asked for a guarantee of £500; they obtained £1000 in seven days, and already 1300 reserved seats have been sold.

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THE London Musical Directory for 1889 contains the names of 3700 people of both sexes who gain their living as composers, singers, music and vocal teachers. Besides these there are about 1100 people who perform on orchestral instruments, about half of whom are violinists. There are living in London 1400 musical instrument makers and music publishers, and in the provinces of the United Kingdom there exist 1940 music teachers.

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AT a recent recital given by M. Isidore de Lam, Mrs. Bernard Beere astonished the audience by her

resonant, powerful voice, and dramatic delivery of Moore's "Minstrel Boy," and "The Bailiff's Daughter." This was the first time that Mrs. Bernard Beere had sung in public, but she has no idea of abandoning the stage for the platform, as some people imagine.

* * *

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS has just concluded an engagement with Madame Schläger, the celebrated dramatic soprano of the Opera House, Vienna, for his forthcoming Italian Opera season at Covent Garden. Madame Schläger is said to have a remarkably pure and powerful voice, and her personal appearance is described as being fully in harmony with her talents as a singer and actress.

* * *

WE have lately had singers from Leeds among us, and shall soon be asked to welcome others from almost the opposite point of the compass. The Orpheus Glee Society of Bristol will give a concert in St. James's Hall on June 1. This Society is forty years old, and therefore enjoys a renown which is not of yesterday. Its performances have long been famous in the West, and have attained their highest efficiency under Mr. George Riseley, organist of Bristol Cathedral.

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MESSRS. NOVELLO & CO., who have furnished Mr. Felix Möscheles with the prices their firm, some forty or more years ago paid for various popular works, appear to have made a good thing out of Mendelssohn. They bought the "Hymn of Praise" for £25. The elder Möscheles wanted Mendelssohn to insist upon £75, but it seems that the lower figure in the then state of matters musical in England was the fair market price. For "Elijah" the firm gave £250; but the "Walpurgis Night," at £24, came cheaper, and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto went for ten guineas.

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SOCIETIES for the performance of good music cannot be too numerous, and we therefore welcome to life and activity the Musical Guild, described as "a concert society constituted by the ex-scholars and ex-students of the Royal College of Music." Our sympathies are with this enterprise none the less because the performers will give their professional services for nothing; allowing the moneys derived from the concerts to form a benevolent fund for members of the Guild. Four concerts are arranged to take place in Kensington Town Hall on May 22, 29; June 12, 19, at which many of the students who have made their mark in the College will appear.

* * *

MR. CARL ROSA having a poor opinion of the Massacre of Glencoe as an operatic subject, another romantic story has been chosen for the *début* of Mr. Hamish MacCunn in the composition of lyric drama. The *scenario* is, we believe, in the hands of Mr. Wilson Barrett, but the name of the writer of the book remains unrevealed.

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NIKITA has been having an unprecedented success in Moscow as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni."

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DR. HUBERT PARRY has agreed to write an oratorio for the Norwich Festival next year.

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THE Handel Society (conductor, Mr. F. A. W. Docker) will give an Invitation Concert at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, on Wednesday, May 29, at 8.30. The following music will be performed: Bach's "Magnificat in D major," Handel's "Alceste," Dr. Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," Symphony in D major by Mozart.

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THE second North Staffordshire Musical Festival has been arranged to take place in the autumn of 1890, at Hanley, and will be of two days' duration. This date is two years from the last celebration, and

has been decided upon so as not to clash with the Birmingham Festival. Afterwards the Festivals will be held triennially. The Committee will shortly be called together to select the works to be performed.

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MR. EDWARD LLOYD was the bright particular star at Ashton-under-Lyne on the 10th ult., when the Ashton Philharmonic Society performed Handel's "Jephthah." A subscriber sends us a newspaper critique, by which it appears that the Society has been in existence for more than eight years, and is conducted by Mr. Irvine Dearnaley. An enthusiastic and generous member of the Society secured the services of one eminent tenor, thereby ensuring also a good attendance and a fine rendering of the great recitative and air, "Deeper and deeper still," and "Wilt her, Angels." The angel's part was taken by a local singer, Miss Lottie Herod; that of the heroine by Miss Agnes Wilson, sister to Hilda Wilson, the contralto; Zebul by Mr. Tuprail, Jephthah by Mr. Lloyd, and Storge by Miss Dews. Of course Mr. Lloyd's rendering of Jephthah's music, so well known to our readers, gave great satisfaction, and the other solo parts were well sustained, and received hearty applause.

Foreign Notes.

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VERDI, it appears, must perforce give way on the question of his jubilee. His friends are resolved on the celebration, and the most that he can do is to beg that the ceremonies may be as simple and brief as possible. M. Boito is at the head of the committee, which has already made several propositions. It is suggested that a gold medal shall be struck, that Verdi's name shall be given to the Via san Giuseppe, and that a series of operatic performances on a grand scale shall be given in November.

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WE learn that Mr. Niecks' admirable biography of Chopin is in course of translation into German by Dr. Langhaus, of Berlin, and will be published by Leuckart.

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ONCE more an attempt is being made to introduce Italian opera into Paris. Laudable efforts in this direction are being made by M. Sonzogno, who hoped to open at the Gaité on April 20—not, however, with the music of an Italian master, but with Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles," which is to be served up as "I Pescatori di Perle." Next will follow the most popular works of Rossini, Verdi, Donizetti, and others.

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INTENDING visitors to Bayreuth will regret to hear that the Dresden baritone, Herr Scheidemann, has been obliged to withdraw his promise to perform this year. Herr Betz (from Berlin) will now alternate the part of Hans Sachs with Herr Reichmann; but Betz, though an admirable artist, is now a man of fifty-four, and his voice is no longer what it was when he first played Wotan in the original production of the "King" in 1876.

* * *

FROM San Francisco we get the news that the once famous bass, Karl Formes, was musical director of a grand entertainment given by the San Francisco Irish Societies on St. Patrick's Day. Miss Webster, a pupil of Madame Formes, sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and Formes himself sang "Kathleen Mavourneen."

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THE Stradivarius violoncello which belonged to the celebrated 'cellist Davidoff, is offered for sale for £5000. It is understood that this instrument is unique in quality.

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MR. J. S. SHEDLOCK has drawn attention to the discovery at Prague of a movement from a supposed

piano concerto by Beethoven. Beethoven gave a concert in Prague in 1796 and another in 1798, and Mr. Shedlock conjectures that the movement just discovered was part of the work played by the composer at that period. The orchestral parts are in the possession of Emil Bezecky, whose step-brother has the piano part. In a magazine article, Mr. Adler gives a description of this movement, and reprints the orchestral introduction in pianoforte score. Mr. Shedlock admits the Mozartian form and character of the music, but also points out how in many respects it suggests early Beethoven.

* * *

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York) has received a splendid present at the hands of Mrs. John Crosby Brown in the shape of her collection of musical instruments, which is the largest and most complete private collection in the country. It includes 270 pieces, and is so exhaustively representative of the music of all nations as to afford a consecutive view of the development of musical instruments from the earliest times. It is said that, with the sole exception of the collection in the South Kensington Museum, that in the Metropolitan Museum is now the most complete in the world. The value of the gift is estimated at 50,000 dollars.

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THE "Mendelssohn" prize of the Leipzig Conservatoire has this year been won by the talented young American violinist, Miss Bessie Doyle, a pupil of the composer and kapellmeister, Hans Sitt.

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THE young American prima donna, Miss Eames, who recently made so successful a *début* as Juliet at the Paris Opera House, will probably be heard in London this season, although the Australian singer, Madame Melba, has, it is said, already been set down for the part of Juliet at Covent Garden.

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MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL have been received with open arms on their return to Boston, where they gave two vocal recitals. One critic remarks *apropos* of Mr. Henschel: "He sings German Lieder better than any one else in America. The chief successes of his part of the programme were Schumann's 'Zwei Grenadiere' and Loenee's 'Archibald Douglas.' The latter was given in a manner absolutely inspiring. Loenee is beyond even Schumann in the domain of the *Ballade*, and his works are not likely to pass out of the *répertoire*, in spite of the dictum of Dr. Gehring in Grove's Dictionary." Mrs. Henschel won her greatest success in a group of songs by her husband.

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THE *Trovatore* announces the death, at Milan, of an ex-engineer and enthusiastic musical amateur named Marozzi, who was a millionaire fifteen times over—presumably in francs. Marozzi had been the friend of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, and had been *abonné* at the Scala for the amazing period of sixty-five years.

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TWO new streets in Berlin have been christened by order of the municipality after J. S. Bach and Richard Wagner.

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FRAU COSIMA WAGNER intends to move with her family to Charlottenburg next winter, where she will remain for a couple of years, while her son, Siegfried, attends the Technical High School of that place.

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A TABLET is to be placed upon the house in Cremona which belonged to, and was occupied by Antonio Stradivarius. The tablet will bear the following inscription:—"Here stands the house of the celebrated Cremonese luthier, Antonio Stradivarius, who worked here, and died here December 18, 1737."

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FROM Bozen comes the news that the statue of the Minnesinger, Walter von der Vogelweide, upon which

the sculptor Heinrich Natter is at present occupied, will be finished in August, and the unveiling will take place on September 15. On this occasion all the song societies of the Tyrol will meet in Bozen, and will take the opportunity of forming themselves into one *Bund*.

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THE German Wagner soprano, Frau Materna, has had a great success at the Lamoureux Concerts in Paris, although she had the audacity to sing a scene from the "Götterdämmerung" with the German words.

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SOME of our readers may recollect the French singer, Catelin, who, in the days of the Empire, was a famous tenor at the Théâtre Lyrique. He was recently found dead in a miserable, almost unfurnished room in the Rue de la Harpe, Paris, which he had inhabited for sixteen years, and, according to medical testimony, the chief cause of his death was absolute hunger. Yet in an old bureau were found bank notes and other securities to the value of upwards of £1200. It appears that after he left the stage, Catelin became a miser of a most uncompromising kind. He had been granted a pension by the Association of Dramatic Artists, and for many years past he had saved the whole of it, obtaining what food he could get by begging.

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THE Kapellmeister Taubert celebrated on April 10, at Berlin, the fiftieth anniversary of his reception into the Royal Academy of Arts.

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M. FREDERIC NIECKS will shortly undertake a life of Schumann, for the compilation of which Madame Schumann has promised exceptional facilities. The success of M. Niecks' life of Chopin is sufficient earnest of his fitness for the task.

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MADAME MINNIE HAUKE has recently been appearing with great success at Leipzig, where she had never sung in opera before. On the occasion of her appearance as Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," she was recalled twelve times after the first act, and five times after the second.

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THE first volume of the correspondence of Padre Martini, the illustrious composer and writer of the 18th century, has just appeared. The publication of this correspondence was decided on at the time of the centenary of his death, and this, the first instalment of what will ultimately be a work of inestimable value, contains 136 letters, exchanged between Martini and the leading men of his time.

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THE chief interest for musicians in the approaching Paris Exhibition will centre in the historical series of operatic performances which will be given under the title of "The Theatre during the Revolution." The performances will take place weekly at the Grand Théâtre de l'Exposition, and be organized by MM. Lacôme, Paravey, and Danbœ. The following is a list of the operas announced:

1788. "Le Barbier de Séville,"	Music by Paisiello.
1789. "Raoul de Crequi,"	" Delaiyrac.
1790. "La Soirée Orageuse,"	" Delaiyrac.
1791. "Nicodème dans le lune,"	" Le Cousin Jacques,"
1792. "Les Visitandines,"	" Devienne.
1793. "La Partie Carrée,"	" Gaveaux.
1794. "Les Vrais Sans-Culottes,"	C. Lemoine.

* * *

THE Czar and his relations might well sing, "We are a musical family! we are! we are! we are!" for the other night, at a concert given at the Marble Palace, St. Petersburg, the Grand Duke Constantine, having played a concerto by Mozart on the piano, was succeeded by the Princess Helena of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who sang an air from Mozart's Requiem, whilst in the orchestra which assisted, the first violoncello was played by the Grand Duchess Constantine. The Czar himself is said to play the violin much better than the average amateur.

entailed upon the conductor and orchestra. Colonial-born people have been greatly tried by the excessive heat coming so early, and Europeans necessarily find it more trying still. Some of the members of the orchestra were absent from their places in consequence of ill-health, and one from time to time missed a face well known to the regular concert-goers. Mr. Cowen went on, oblivious of heat and fatigue; a true leader he, mindful of the truth that nothing inspires so much as the sight of a working general.

It was unmistakeable how great was the improvement in the conducting and the playing as the concerts went on. This was especially noticeable in the rendering of Wagner's music. At first it was laboured, heavy, not understood; but afterwards, when there had been more opportunity of studying the maestro's work, under the cultured guidance of their conductor, the players were able to give a meaning to the weird and touching music. There was a vast difference between the first performance of the overture to "Tannhäuser" and the last. The former was a somewhat crude study, the latter an exquisite tone painting.

On one occasion Mr. Cowen conducted the rehearsal of a Beethoven Symphony for something like three hours, without once leaving his seat. "And we could not complain or give in so long as he held out," was the closing remark of one of the members of the orchestra.

Mr. Cowen found some trouble in quelling his chorus; for the Colonials are an independent people, unaccustomed to bow at any one's decree. Some rebellion was shown, but—"I always mean what I say," said Mr. Cowen, with emphasis; "you may be quite sure of that, and I intend this to be done in my way;" and done it was accordingly. A revolt amongst the male chorus singers only induced the remark: "There is but one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that is to have choruses for female voices only;" and all that difficulty was at an end.

In spite of prophecy, classical concerts were given day after day, and were always well attended. Thursday evening was always set aside for choral works. The Melbourne public was offered such treasures as Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the "Messiah," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Cowen's "Ruth" and "Sleeping Beauty" (the former of which Cowen himself is said to look upon as the best work he has yet achieved), and other choice gems of musical art. There was some complaint at the frequent repetition of "Ruth," and some murmuring over the disappointment of not hearing such works as Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" and the "Israel in Egypt." It seems a pity that the public should not have had the opportunity of learning to know such compositions as these—the latter a representation of the old school of composition, and the former an exquisite example of the new.

But Mr. Cowen was labouring under some disadvantage with regard to his chorus.

In the first place, chorus-singing is an art yet very young in this country. It will take years of training to inculcate that discrimination of light and shade, that subtle delicacy of tone, and that purity of enunciation, which are so necessary to secure the perfection of sound in chorus-singing. Unfortunately, there is a strong blending of the "Cockney" and "Yankee" in the colonial enunciation. Is it a strange thing to say that the chorus-singing at the Exhibition suffered partly on account of this tendency to vulgarize the beautiful English language? I think not. Putting on one side this question, the chief failings of the chorus-singing were—indecision in attack, a tendency to slur, especially amongst the sopranos, and too little distinction between the *forte* and *piano*. *Pianissimos* I never heard. In Barnby's delicate lullaby, "Sweet and Low," the roaring of the tenors was as far as possible from suggesting the soft crooning of a mother over her sleeping babe.

Should Melbourne see an established orchestra in her midst, as contemplated, she can scarcely hope to see at its head so able a conductor as Mr. Cowen. The forming of a permanent orchestra is not yet completed, but the Government promises substantial aid towards the scheme; and those members of the Exhibition Orchestra who accompanied Mr. Cowen from London have, with one exception, remained behind in Melbourne upon the chance of the permanent orchestra

being formed, in which case their services will be required. Such men as Mr. Max Klein (violin), Mr. Theo. Liebe (cello), and the gifted oboe-player, Mr. Morton, would indeed be valuable additions to the musical community of Melbourne.

Whether we shall behold the old faces gathered together under a strange bâton remains to be seen. Beside conducting the Exhibition Concerts, Mr. Cowen gave a series of twelve in Sydney, for which he received the sum of £500, and afterwards went to Adelaide, *en route* for London, to conduct a concert.

The most brilliant success has attended him everywhere—from his first appearance in the Exhibition concert-room in August, to his last, when his own work, "Ruth," was performed, and when he received a perfect ovation from his choir and orchestra, being smothered with flowers by the ladies and cheered to the echo by the men—followed by a flourishing of blue and red scarfs, as the excited girls tore them off their shoulders to wave at their beloved conductor, while a member of the orchestra struck up the air of "Auld lang syne," and immediately the others took up the strain, and voices all over the large hall joined in until the rafters rang with the good-will.

Mr. Cowen was then conducted to the viceregal seats, where his Excellency, the well-beloved Governor, Sir Henry Loch, and his kind and gentle wife, greeted the conductor with hearty congratulations, presented him with a lovely floral tribute from the ladies of the choir, and wished him all success in the future.

No man could be the object of such a demonstration unmoved; and, upon returning to his desk, Mr. Cowen was too much overcome to address his fellow-workers of the past seven months. He simply said, with a break in his voice,—"I said all I had to say last night—God bless you." After this he stood at one of the doors and shook hands with them all as they went away from the scene of their mutual labours.

Once more Mr. Cowen stood before the Melbourne public, two evenings before he left Victoria, and that was when he wielded the bâton at a concert given in aid of the hospitals at the Town Hall. In this good work he was aided by the Exhibition Orchestra, and the solo singers who had also appeared at the Exhibition Concerts. The proceeds amounted to over £300.

After the performance of Mr. Cowen's little Gavotte "Yellow Jessamine," a basket of that beautiful flower was presented to him.

How pleasant must be the memory of such a visit as this of Mr. Cowen's to Australia! A pleasure enhanced by the knowledge of work well done.

And now farewell. Should anything of musical significance take place here, be sure I will acquaint you with the fact.—Yours as ever, F. W.

Letter from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, April 1889.

DEAREST ALICE,—Are you growing blind, or did you mean to *push* me for my one poor little pun, by inquiring so innocently in your last letter what I meant when, *d'après* of Madame Hess née Traut, I said "since the Craut was caught, she has relinquished the stage, etc."?

Put on your specs, dear old lady, and a little examination of my calligraphy will show that the C was a T; now, then, do you see?

We had such a *rechtscht* little concert at the Art Club last Monday fortnight. The artists were—Messrs. Willy Hess, Simon Speelman, Samuel Speelman, and E. Vieuxtemps, all prominent members of Hallé's orchestra; Miss Léonie Michiels, a local pianist of great talent and genuine musical feeling; and Madame Hess, whose praises I have already sung. The programme, which was strictly classical, comprised the String Quartet in D minor by Schubert; the Piano Quintet in A, Op. 81, by Dvorák; Legende and Tarantella by Wieniawsky for solo violin, and six songs—three by Schumann, two by Brahms, and one

by Rubinstein. The audience were very appreciative, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the artistic treat that had been provided for them. The members of the Art Club ought to be very proud of the distinction they have gained in the musical world by the excellence of the three or four little musical *soirées* which they give every season. They may take credit to themselves for the fact that at these *soirées* Fanny Davies, Nettie Carpenter, Johannes Wolff, and many other celebrated artists have made their first bow to a Liverpool audience.

On Tuesday last, with tears in our eyes, and sadness in our hearts, we attended the funeral of the fiftieth season of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. The obsequies were performed by Mr. Fred Cowen, and the elegy on the occasion took the form of his clever and skilful oratorio on the story of Ruth. Don't understand me to imply that the music was at all funeral—indeed, there is a good deal of calm joyousness in it; the tinge of sorrow came entirely from the consciousness that the season was at an end. Mr. Cowen was assisted by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hope Glenn, Madame Andersen, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills, and the efficient manner in which they performed the difficult task allotted to them sent us all home comforted and consoled. Mr. Cowen seems to have benefited physically as well as financially by his prolonged stay in Australia; for he looks remarkably well, and is in excellent spirits. He told us that his reception at the Antipodes was most flattering, and spoke in glowing terms of the hearty hospitality and cordial conviviality of his antipodean acquaintances.

Herr Bernard Stavenhagen has lately been occupying a prominent place in our thoughts. What a wonderful pianist he is! His recital at the Philharmonic Hall on Saturday afternoon was a great success, and I never—well hardly ever—saw a Liverpool audience so enthusiastic. He was encored three times, and at the close of his programme, which, by the by, was the same that he gave at his last recital in London, and after we had already left our seats and were preparing to depart, the opening strains of Chopin's "minute" valse quickly recalled us to our vacant places; for Stavenhagen was so pleased with his welcome that he gave us the most acceptable proof possible of his gratitude, namely, the addition of an extra number to the programme. His execution is marvellous; he is a real conjurer, and does everything except swallow the piano. The intractable passages of Liszt and Paganini become under his manipulation most provokingly submissive, and he rides over difficulties, apparently insurmountable, with the greatest calmness and ease. After the performance, Henry, Phyllis, and I went into the greenroom to fetch the hero of the hour, with whom we were going to have kettledrum. On quitting the hall we found the way to our carriage lined with musical enthusiasts, eager to get a closer view of the great artist than that attainable within; and when we had taken our seats in the carriage they pressed their noses against the windows with the most nonchalant disregard of our feelings. It was really extremely embarrassing, Alice, dear, and we all blushed a rosy hue, and attentively examined the mud on our boots. The first thing that Stavenhagen did on arriving was to make friends with the animals, of whom he is a devoted admirer and lover; and in ten minutes he was comfortably seated in an easy-chair with Smut, the black cat, snugly coiled up on his knee, and Jack, the little fox terrier, contentedly stretched at his feet. That sealed our friendship, for you know my weakness for the four-footed race, and I firmly believe that any one who is kind to children and dumb creatures must have a large amount of good in his composition. After ten, we began talking about the strength necessary to enable him to play as he does, whereupon he bent his arm and asked us to feel the muscle: it is developed to an enormous extent, and he can lift a full-grown man off the floor by simply taking hold of him with one arm. Messrs. Jas. Smith & Sons, Bechstein's Liverpool agents, who undertook all the arrangements for the recital, were so satisfied with the result that they wished him to give another in a few weeks' time, a proposal to which he readily assented; but unfortunately this project proved unfeasible, and he will not pay us another visit till the commencement of the autumn season.

I suppose you have heard that the Liverpool scholarship at the Royal College of Music has just become vacant, Miss Margaret Jenkins, who formerly held it, having completed her allotted time. The preliminary examination of candidates for the vacancy took place at St. George's Hall, —Dr. Bridge of Chester, Mr. Carl Courvoisier, and Mr. Albert Isaac, local music teachers, being the examiners. Out of nineteen who competed, seven were sent up to London for the final examination, which took place at the Royal College of Music last Tuesday, before Signor Visetti, Dr. Hubert Parry, and Messrs. Ernest Pauer, Franklin Taylor, H. Holmes, Blume, and Parratt. The scholarship was then awarded to Miss Martha Hughes, the fortunate possessor of a clear soprano voice, which gives promise of great things in the future. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé are off to Italy for a month's well-earned rest; they will be back in Manchester in time for Sir Charles' recital there on the 6th of May. Poor old man! he has worked terribly hard this winter, giving over sixty orchestral concerts in the northern counties, besides his own recitals and chamber concerts.

We have nothing now to look forward to till the end of May (when I hope Sarasate will come), except a short return visit from the Carl Rosa Opera Company, which is going to produce Sir George Macfarren's barely known opera, "She stoops to conquer," the libretto of which is written by Fitzball.

Did Rita guess my last musical riddle? Here is another for her: Which is the oldest opera? —"Le Postillon de Lonjumeau," because it was composed by Adam. And now, dear sis, my stock of news is exhausted, so adieu till next month.—With best love, your affectionate sister,

NETTA.

P.S.—I have just received your letter, mentioning a complaint made by a musician whom I criticised unfavourably in my last letter. I do not expect that my reports will always be in harmony with the estimation in which artists may hold themselves. *Verba sap.*

N.

The Edinburgh Musical Season.

—o:—

THE recent appearance of the flourishing South-side Musical Association did not bring unmixed happiness to its conductor, Mr. Moonie, the concert given by the Male Voice Choir bearing his name, on the 10th ult., must in great measure have compensated him for the veritable incubus created by a fickle "Sleeping Beauty." The Male Voice Choir is made up of carefully-selected voices, and the quality of tone produced at this their initial performance was exceedingly fine, while the undeviating exactitude of their entries, and the ability with which the most subtle shading of effects was produced, left no room for doubt that the audience were listening to a well-trained, cultured, and intelligent body of vocalists. Mendelssohn's "Festgesang" and "To the Sons of Art" were given with rousing vigour, which was rendered all the more telling by the accompaniment of brass instruments, although, by the way, it is giving a somewhat broad interpretation to the word "orchestra" to speak of a "brass orchestral accompaniment." Songs by Dr. Hepburn, A. W. Usher, J. Borthwick, and the conductor were all more or less enjoyable.

* * *

ONE of the most agreeable features in Edinburgh musical life is the existence of several musical societies or clubs which generally meet once a month to hear papers read, or to be entertained by one or other of their members. The Geoghegan Solfege Club is by far the oldest and most important of these institutions, its large membership comprising many well-known professional and amateur musicians. On the 6th ult. I had the privilege of being present at a highly enjoyable "musical evening," under the direction of Mr. J. A. Moonie. The dining-saloon of the Douglas Hotel was crowded with members and

their friends, Mr. Moonie having already gained a reputation for the quality of the entertainment he provides. Numerous songs, recitations by two such admirable exponents of the elocutionary art as Mr. F. Leighton and Mr. R. C. H. Morrison; violin, cello, cornet, and mandolin solos by Messrs. H. Dammann, R. Hill, Mackay, and C. Laubach; and last but best of all a capital string quartette—Messrs. Dammann, Hill, and F. and C. Laubach—made up a programme the all-round excellence of which was thoroughly appreciated by those present; and it was with a feeling of keen regret that the arrival of the hour sacred to the memory of Forbes Mackenzie brought the harmonious proceedings to a close.

* * *

EDINBURGH can boast of a very good Amateur Opera Company. It is now entering upon its fourth season, and the operas already given—"Martha," "Bohemian Girl," and "Maritana"—have been eminently successful. Three performances of "Maritana," given in the Albert Hall last month, were attended by large and evidently well-satisfied audiences. It is said that "Faust" is next to be taken up. "Faust" by amateurs seems a very ambitious undertaking, and many people will think that our opera company might have made a wiser selection.

* * *

IT is gratifying to know that the concert given in the Synod Hall last month on behalf of so deserving a charity as the Royal Blind Asylum was in all respects a great success. Mr. Martin, the manager of the asylum, was certainly uncommonly lucky in securing the services of so brilliant a trio of performers as Miss MacIntyre, the operatic prima donna; Miss Detchon; and Herr Johannes Wolff, violinist, as well as several local artists of high repute. Both ladies were enthusiastically received, and were each presented with a bouquet during the evening. It is believed that the concert will yield a handsome sum to the institution.

* * *

AT the Philosophical Institution Concert last month, a pretty little incident in connection with Herr Joachim's jubilee occurred. When the distinguished violinist stepped forward to play his two solos, director of the institution, in a short speech, congratulated Herr Joachim on the attainment of his jubilee as a public artist, and informed the audience that this was the twentieth year he (Joachim) had appeared at these concerts. In reply, Herr Joachim pleaded an imperfect acquaintance with English as an excuse for briefly thanking them in words, but added that he would speak to them on his violin; and, placing the instrument to his shoulder, he played, as only the prince of fiddle-players could play, with exquisite pathos and tenderness, the old Scottish song, "John Anderson, my Jo." Needless to say the audience were delighted with this neat and appropriate compliment, which they received with loud and prolonged cheers.

Plymouth Notes.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

—o:—

SIR CHARLES and LADY HALLÉ were, of course, heartily welcomed on the occasion of their annual visit to Plymouth. To hear the veteran pianist play Beethoven is a pleasure, intellectually as well as artistically. Infant phenomena are all very well in their way, but how, in the nature of things, can they read into the depths of a master truly great? The messages Beethoven gave to the world in his music can only be interpreted by true poetic instinct, deep insight into life, matured experience. Hallé has these qualifications to a large extent, simply fascinating as an exultant, and, above all, plays Beethoven with all the enthusiasm of love. No wonder, then, that Plymouth musicians, in common with all others, never tire of hearing him. The Grieg fever being now at its height, that composer was naturally included in the programme, to the manifest enjoyment of the audience.

* * *

AT their Spring Concert, the Private Choral and Orchestral Societies gave Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." So far as soloists are concerned, the winter concerts of these Societies are usually more noteworthy. Albani, Lloyd, and Eleanor Rees sang last November, and formed, of course, a trio altogether exceptional. Miss Lavinia Lampen, Lady Trelawney, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Bridson, however, gave such a good account of themselves, that the various solos of "St. Paul" were heard with a good deal of pleasure. Miss Lampen, a member of Mr. Weekes' choir, has one very good quality—that of distinct enunciation. One can hear, without undue strain, the words she is singing. This cannot always be said of singers of reputation. I am inclined to think that the efforts of both the lady soloists were marred somewhat by nervousness. Mr. Guy sang, as is usual with him, with great care and distinctness, and was obliged to repeat his effective rendering of "Be thou faithful unto death." Mr. Bridson was, deservedly, very much applauded, and especially for the very fine way in which he gave "I praise Thee, O Lord." As to the choir, it can be said that Mr. Weekes may congratulate himself on possessing a chorus of ladies of quite unusual merit. Certainly, in this neighbourhood, they are *facile princeps*; and they would shine in any company. This being so, it can be imagined with what effect they rendered the lovely choruses and chorales of "St. Paul." The gentlemen of the choir could, with advantage, be increased; and, although the tenors now and again put in some effective work, their singing lacked, in great measure, the finish and feeling displayed by their lady associates. The orchestra improves. Some of the scoring of "St. Paul" is by no means easy; but in this performance there was an *abandon* and a certain vigour of attack which in November was hardly noticeable. Considering how largely his orchestra consists of ladies, Mr. Weekes is to be specially congratulated on this point. Both choir and orchestra responded to his beat in a way which evidenced, on his part, complete control, and, on their part, thorough sympathy.

* * *

AS the season draws to a close, the Marine *Matinée* programmes are, if possible, more varied and interesting than ever. The first of the two concerts given since I last wrote consisted more than usual of what might be called high-class "light" music, but keen interest was maintained throughout. Flotow's "Stradella" (given for the first time) and Mozart's "Flauto Magico" were the overtures; Delibes' famous *pizzicato*, "Ballet Sylvia," was included, and, of course, pleased the audience immensely. A selection from Rossini's "Mosé in Egitto," arranged by Mr. Froehnart himself, brought into prominence most of the finest qualities of the band. The euphonium solo was specially good. As yet another instance of "charming variety," we had one of Schubert's delightful "Moments Musicaux." Handel's "Largo" was not so effective as it would have been had the *tempo* been more in keeping with the title.

* * *

AT last week's concert, an Intermezzo, "Loin du Bal," by E. Gillet, was given for the first time. It consists of some delicate work for the violins, on muted strings, and a lovely solo for the 'cello. The charm of the composition itself, and the cleverness and finish with which it was performed, rendered an *encore* inevitable.

* * *

NEXT week we are to have Nordica in Gounod's "Faust," given by the Plymouth Vocal Association. The prima donna is a great favourite here, and will draw a large audience to hear her sing in so popular a work.

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Joseph Joachim



Magazine of Music Supplement, May 1889.

containing also.

“DER VOLLMOND STRAHLT”
ROSAMUNDE BY F. SCHUBERT, OP. 26.

Andantino
Grazioso,
FOR PIANOFORTE,
from SONATINA, —
by E. SILAS.

(PUBLISHED BY POHLMANN & SON, HALIFAX.)

London.
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
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ANDANTINO GRAZIOSO.

E. SILAS, Op. 97.

Handwritten musical score for two staves, measures 3-7. The score consists of five staves of music, each with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature changes from $\text{C} \flat$ to $\text{C} \sharp$ in measure 7. Measure 3 starts with a treble clef, a $\text{C} \flat$ key signature, and a 2d dynamic. Measure 4 starts with a bass clef, a $\text{C} \flat$ key signature, and an asterisk. Measure 5 starts with a treble clef, a $\text{C} \flat$ key signature, and a $\text{C} \flat$ dynamic. Measure 6 starts with a bass clef, a $\text{C} \flat$ key signature, and a $\text{C} \flat$ dynamic. Measure 7 starts with a treble clef, a $\text{C} \sharp$ key signature, and a $\text{C} \sharp$ dynamic. Measures 3-7 are connected by a single curved brace.

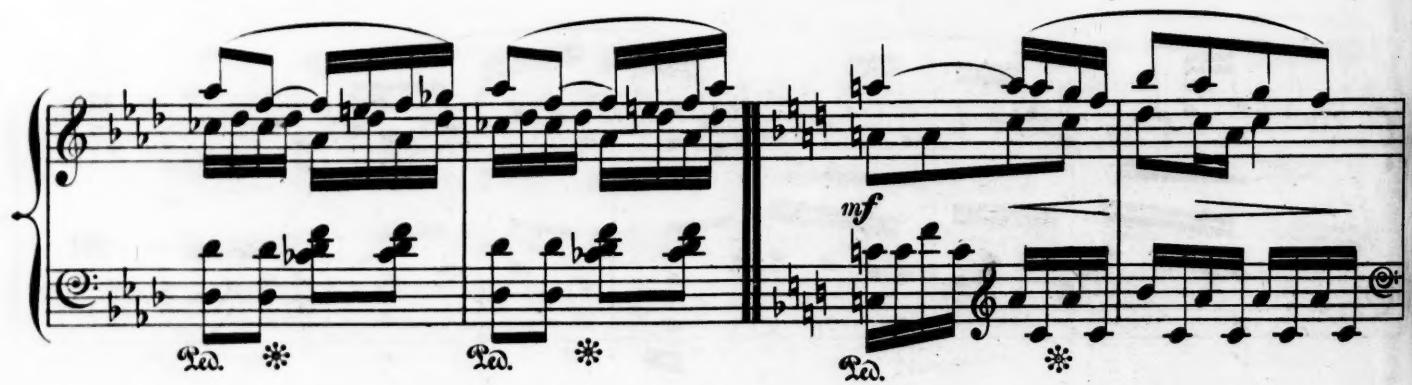
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ROSAMUNDE.

(Der Vollmond Strahlt.)

FR. SCHUBERT, Op. 26

Andante con moto.

The full-moon shines up - on the height, but ev - er thee I miss,..... Oh!

dear.est heart, it is so sweet when faith ful lov - ers kiss. Oh! dear.est heart, it is so sweet when faith - ful lov - ers kiss.

The charms of May are naught to me, they lack thy wak? ning

breath, Star of my night, Oh smile on me, e'en tho' the smile of death, Star
 of my night, Oh smile on me e'en tho' the smile of death.

She glid_ed thro' the moon-lit air, and spake in life a - part, Yet
 now in death for ev - er thine then heart was press'd to heart, Yet now in death for ev.er thine then
 heart was press'd to heart.

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